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LIFE  
OF  
DR O'HURLEY  
BY  
DEAN KINANE PP, VG.

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# THE LIFE OF DR. O'HURLEY.



THE LIFE  
OF  
DR. O'HURLEY  
Archbishop of Cashel

Thomas H. BY  
VERY REV. DEAN KINANE, P.P., V.G.  
CASHEL

AUTHOR OF

"THE DOVE OF THE TABERNACLE," "THE ANGEL OF THE ALTAR"  
"MARY IMMACULATE, MOTHER OF GOD," "THE LAMB OF GOD"  
"ST. JOSEPH: HIS LIFE, HIS VIRTUES, HIS PRIVILEGES  
HIS POWERS," "ST. PATRICK: HIS LIFE, HIS HEROIC  
VIRTUES," ETC., "INDULGENCED PRAYERS,"  
"THE HOLY FACE"

With Letter from His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Croke  
Archbishop of Cashel and Emly

SECOND EDITION

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1893

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21 Feb '24 amr.

DEDICATION

To Archbishop O'Hurley;

THE GLORY OF THE EPISCOPACY; THE HONOUR OF THE  
IRISH CHURCH; THE PRIDE OF CASHEL:

To Archbishop O'Hurley,

WHO ENDURED THE MOST EXQUISITE TORTURES; WHO,  
WITH THE SERENE JOY OF THE MARTYR, SHED HIS  
BLOOD FOR THE FAITH OF JESUS CHRIST—IN DEFENCE  
OF THE SUPREMACY OF THE SEE OF ROME;

INVOKING HIS BLESSING FROM HEAVEN UPON OURSELVES;  
AND UPON THE IRISH RACE AT HOME AND ABROAD—  
PASTORS AND PEOPLE: THIS LITTLE BOOK IS MOST  
REVERENTIALLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

1881



THE PALACE, THURLES,  
*March 9, 1893.*

MY DEAR DEAN KINANE,—

Accept my very best thanks for the copy of your *Life of Dr. O'Hurley*, the martyred Archbishop of Cashel, which you were good enough to send me. Accept also my congratulations in connection with the "*Life*" itself. It will do a vast deal of good, and supplies a most interesting page of Irish history, which should have been long since written, and placed before the public.

When, about a dozen years ago, on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of the now beautiful church at Sarsfield's Rock, I referred to the sufferings for the faith endured by Archbishop O'Hurley, I verily

believe there were not one hundred persons in the large and memorable gathering of that day who had ever even heard of our holy Prelate's existence, much less of his heroic fidelity to the Holy See, and of his glorious martyrdom. Henceforth, as a result of the wide circulation amongst our people which I confidently predict for this your latest work, the name and praises of my sainted predecessor shall be known and heard of in every Catholic household throughout the length and breadth of the land.

To have achieved even that is surely something for you to rejoice over and be legitimately proud of. But, apart altogether from any mundane or material view of the case, there is plainly another and a very signal service that you have rendered, not only to the Church of Cashel, but to the cause of religion generally, by the publication of this little work. It is this, that you have clearly established, and, in my humble opinion, to the entire satisfaction of every fair-minded and unprejudiced man, that our illustrious

Archbishop died a martyr to the faith, and was cruelly tortured and executed, not, indeed, as is alleged by some Protestant writers, because of certain treasonable practices with which he was charged before his consecration in Rome, or after his return to his native land, but simply and solely because he would not renounce, even in a modified way, his allegiance to the Holy See, and acknowledge the supremacy of Queen Elizabeth.

The now "Blessed" servant of God, Primate Plunket of Armagh, had similar accusations of treason preferred against him; but, after his condemnation, he repudiated them in the most solemn manner, declaring in open court, that "as I am a dying man, and hope for salvation through my Lord and Saviour, I am not guilty of any one point of treason they have sworn against me, no more than the child that was born yesterday."

The Life of Dr. O'Hurley should be, and, I trust, will be, in every Catholic house in the archdiocese of Cashel and Emly. It will edify all who read it, or who hear it read; and, besides, it will afford another proof, if

further proof be necessary, that while Irish bishops and priests were at all times prepared to fight for freedom and country, they were also prepared to defend the prerogatives of the Holy See at the peril of their lives, and to die, when put to it, for the faith of their fathers.

I remain, my dear Dean Kinane, your very faithful servant,

✠ T. W. CROKE,  
*Archbishop of Cashel.*

*The Very Rev. Dean Kinane,*  
*P.P., V.G.*

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# THE LIFE OF DR. O'HURLEY,

Archbishop of Cashel.



## SECTION I.

### THE PATRIOT AND MARTYR.

Two classes of heroes are foremost in the roll of fame: the martyr who sheds his blood for the faith of his fathers, and the patriot who lays down his life on the altar of his country. Though influenced by different motives, the sacrifice is the same: each gives up what is dearest to him in this world—his life—for the cause he holds sacred. The liberties and rights of nations, and frequently of the Church too, have been won by heroic deeds of valour; and sacrifice is ever the price of freedom.

Sometimes might conquers right; the patriot perishes and freedom shrieks; yet the cause lives on. New generations, inspired by the courage of the dead, spring

up; the seeds, sown in tears and sorrow, produce, in due time, the fruits of victory, and the first monument of Freedom's hands is over the grave of the martyred patriot.

In the capitals of all nations, in all great cities, are monuments in bronze and marble to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious dead; and the statues of patriots are placed high on pedestals, and held up before generations, that sons may emulate the noble deeds of their fathers. The noblest figure, the most honoured name on earth, is the patriot brave, the saviour of his country. A great French prelate, Mgr. Dupanloup, writes: "After the love of God, the next, the most holy, the most noble love of the heart of man, is that of the land that gave him birth."

If the memory of the hero who sacrificed all, and laid down his life on the altar of his country, is honoured, as it ought to be, and transmitted from sire to son; more sacred is the cause, higher is the order of merit, and more worthy of love and honour is the martyr, who sheds his blood in defence of the true faith, and transmits this priceless gift of God, pure and unsullied, to his countrymen. The patriot dies the death of the brave for his country's freedom, which,

though the noblest prize on earth, yet is but a temporal crown ; the martyr gives his life for the faith of Jesus Christ to win paradise for the millions, which is an eternal crown—"Heaven is the prize." "The blood of the martyrs," writes Tertullian, the earliest of the Latin Fathers, "was the seed of Christianity."

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## SECTION II.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH REGARDING HER MARTYRS.

THE Church, faithful to her Divine mission, has collected and guarded with zealous care, in every age, the heroic deeds of her saints and martyrs. The Acts of the Apostles, written by St. Luke the Evangelist, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, narrates the history of the Church for the first thirty years after the Ascension of our Blessed Lord.

Here we find narrated stupendous miracles and the conversions of thousands by the

preaching and prayers of the Apostles, especially by SS. Peter and Paul. The Acts give prominence to the glorious death of St. Stephen, the first martyr, and to the conversion of St. Paul, the effect of his blood and prayers. Let us give the beautiful Scripture narrative of St. Stephen before the Council. "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looking up steadfastly to heaven, saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God. And he said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God. And they crying out with a loud voice, stopped their ears, and with one accord ran violently upon him. And casting him forth without the city, they stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man whose name was Saul. And they stoned Stephen, invoking and saying: Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And falling on his knees, he cried with a loud voice, saying: Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said these words, he fell asleep in the Lord" (Acts vii. 55-60).

St. Clement, the fourth Pope after St. Peter, and who ruled the Church from the year 91 to 100, divided Rome into seven

districts, and to each district appointed a notary, whose duty was to search out carefully and commit to writing the acts, the sufferings, and death of the martyrs.

St. Anicetus, who governed the Church from the year 165 to 173, added to the number of notaries to keep up with the increased persecutions, and hence more numerous martyrs.

The same practice was followed by many other Popes. The faithful notaries discharged their duties of love at the risk and frequently at the loss of their lives. Hence we have recorded in the Roman Martyrology the names and the heroic, glorious deaths of many of the early martyrs.

Though many names are recorded, they are the few out of the many. Tens of thousands shed their blood for Jesus Christ. Their names are recorded in the book of life, and known to God alone.

"Greater love than this," says the Redeemer, "no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John xv. 13). Our Blessed Lord, Jesus Christ, set the example, and gave His life and shed His Precious Blood for His friends and enemies. The Apostles followed the example of their Divine Master, and sealed their faith in

their blood. In the first centuries, seventy-eight Popes, with St. Peter at their head, shed their blood for the faith of Jesus Christ.

A glance at the great Ten Persecutions of the Church tells us that the expectation of martyrdom was the daily life of the early Christians. All that the perverse ingenuity of man could devise was resorted to to stamp out the faith of Jesus Christ. At one time it is the aged pontiff, a St. Polycarp, or a St. Ignatius; at another time it is the "Thundering Legion," fearless soldiers, of the stamp of St. Sebastian; again it is the tender, noble virgins, of the style of St. Agnes, serenely meeting death in its fiercest shape with equal courage and constancy.

In these early ages the garden of the Church was fertilised by the blood of the Christian martyrs.

Elsewhere we have said sacrifice is the price of freedom. Here we declare the sacrifice of life is the test of conviction. The Pagans, witnessing the serene, joyous martyrdom of the Christians of every age, every sex, and every condition, and under the influence of Divine grace, embraced the Gospel of Jesus Christ in countless millions.

“The blood of the martyrs was the seed of Christianity.”

In every land and every clime, and in every age, for the last nineteen centuries, where the faith of Jesus Christ has been preached, the seeds of the Gospel were sown in tears and blood ; and “the Apostles, modern as ancients,” writes a celebrated author, “fell into the furrow and fertilised with their blood the garden of the Church of Jesus Christ.”

To-day, as in the days of the Apostles, holy missionaries bid eternal adieu to home and country ; and carrying, as their only arms, their crucifix and breviary, and with their lives in their hands, set out to conquer and evangelise China, Japan, Corea, Madagascar, and the Dark Continent of Africa. In these ages, degenerate in a sense in some Christian lands, the Apostles and neophytes of the new Churches make sacrifices, and meet death in its fiercest shape, with a serene, joyous courage, worthy of the martyrs of the first ages of Christianity. In recent times, the sufferings, the glorious martyrdoms of native Christians of all ages and states of life, in Japan, China, Corea, and Africa, equal in intensity and fortitude the earliest Christians.



## SECTION III.

## THE IRISH CHURCH AND HER MARTYRS.

THE first Apostles and preachers of the Gospel, in every country and in every age, laid down their lives for the faith, and sealed with their blood the truth of their teaching. We know of but one solitary exception, and that exception is the fair, dear Church of our own beloved Erin. It is a unique fact in the history of the Church, that our great and glorious Apostle St. Patrick, alone and single-handed, not only converted a whole nation from paganism, but raised up his converts to the strictest observances of the evangelical precepts and counsels of the Gospels. During the lifetime of our great Apostle, and for centuries after his death, when Ireland merited and obtained from all Europe the proud appellation of "ISLAND OF SAINTS," with the exception of St. Odrian, St. Patrick's faithful charioteer, God did not require one drop of the martyrs' blood.

The Irish Church had her "*Golden Age*." At home, convents, monasteries, seats of learning, studded the land; and the praises

of God from virgin lips ascended like sweet incense, before the Almighty, from hill and dale. "Wherefore behold how in Ireland, they who never had the knowledge of God, and hitherto worshipped only unclean idols, have now become the people of the Lord, and are called the sons of God. The sons of the Scotti, and the daughters of princes, are seen to be monks and virgins of Christ" (*Confession*). Abroad, her Saints and her missionaries shared in evangelising most countries in Europe; and her numerous martyrs fertilised the garden of the Church with their blood.

Of the fruits of the labours of St. Patrick, Count Montalembert, the great orator and academician, writes: "From the fifth to the eighth century Ireland became one of the great centres of Christianity in the world; and not only of Christian holiness and virtue, but also of knowledge, literature, and that intellectual life with which the new faith was about to endow Europe.

"Ireland was then regarded by all Christian Europe as the principal centre of knowledge and piety. In the shelter of her numberless monasteries, a crowd of missionaries, doctors, and preachers were educated for the service of the Church, and the propagation of the

faith in all Christian countries. A vast and continuous development of literary and religious effort is there apparent, superior to anything that could be seen in any other country in Europe. The monasteries which gradually covered the soil of Ireland were the hostelries of a foreign emigration. They were open to all: the poor and the rich, the slave as well as the free man, the child and the old man, had free access, and paid nothing. Nor did the Irish monasteries confine the benefit of their literary and religious instruction to the natives of Ireland. They opened their doors, with admirable generosity, to strangers of every country and every condition. Above all, to those who came from the neighbouring island, England: some to end their lives in an Irish cloister; some to go from house to house in search of books, and masters capable of explaining those books. The Irish monks received with kindness guests so greedy of instruction, and gave them both books and masters, the food of the body and the food of the soul, without demanding any recompense. From the seventh to the eleventh century, Anglo-Saxon students flocked into Ireland; and for four hundred years the schools of the island maintained the great reputation which

brought so many successive generations to dip deeply there into the living waters of knowledge and faith. . . .

“A characteristic still more distinctive of the Irish monks, as of all their nation, was the imperious necessity of spreading themselves without, of seeking or carrying knowledge and faith afar, and of penetrating into the most distant regions to watch or combat paganism. This monastic nation became the missionary nation *par excellence*. While some came to Ireland to procure religious instruction, the Irish missionaries launched forth from their island. They covered the land and seas of the West. Unwearied navigators, they landed on the most desert islands; they inundated the Continent with their successive immigrations.”<sup>1</sup>

Another learned writer says: “While the vigour of Christianity in Italy, Gaul, and Spain was exhausted in the bare struggle for life, Ireland, which remained unscurged by the invaders, drew from its conversion an energy which it has never known since. Christianity had been received with a burst of popular enthusiasm, and letters and arts sprang up rapidly in its train. The science and biblical knowledge which fled from the

<sup>1</sup> *Monks of the West*, vol. iii. p. 84.

Continent took refuge in the famous schools which made Durrow and Armagh the universities of the West."<sup>1</sup>

The biographer of St. Finnian, the founder of the great school at Clonard, writes: "Like the sun in the firmament, he enlightened the world by the rays of his virtues, of salutary doctrine and miracles: for the fame of his good works invited many illustrious men from divers parts of the world to his school, as to a holy repository of all wisdom, partly to study the sacred Scriptures, and partly to be instructed in the rule of the religious life."

Of the monastery and school of St. Comgall, St. Bernard writes: "A very noble monastery, and head of several others: a place truly sanctified, abounding in Saints, abundantly fruitful to God; so much so that one of the religious of this holy congregation, named Luanus, was said to be the founder of an hundred monasteries. Its disciples not only filled Ireland and Scotland, but swarms of its Saints spread themselves over foreign countries; one of whom, St. Columbanus, coming to our shores of Gaul, founded the monastery of Luxeuil."

Camden bears glorious testimony to our

<sup>1</sup> *Green Sketches.*

Irish monks and missionaries. He writes : "No men came up to the Irish monks for sanctity and learning, and they sent forth swarms of holy men all over Europe, to whom the monasteries of Luxeuil in Burgundy, Pavia in Italy, Wurzburg in Franconia, St. Gall in Switzerland, and so many others, owe their origin. The Saxons, at that time, flocked to Ireland from all quarters, as to a mart of literature. Wherefore it is that we frequently meet, in our writers of the lives of the Saints: 'He was sent over to Ireland for education.'"

We are loath to omit the following passage from Venerable Bede: "Many nobles and others of the English nations were living in Ireland, whither they had repaired either to cultivate the sacred studies, or to lead a life of stricter discipline. Some of them became monks; others chose rather to apply to reading and study, going about from school to school through the cells of the masters; and all of them were most cheerfully received by the Irish, who supplied them gratuitously with good books and instruction."<sup>1</sup>

Gorres, a learned German, writes: "When we look into the ecclesiastical life of this

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Moran, *Occasional Papers*.

people, we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirit had transplanted over the sea the cells of the valley of the Nile with all their hermits, its monasteries with all their inmates, and had settled them down in the Western Isle.”<sup>1</sup>

Father Morris, the learned Oratorian, writes: “St. Patrick fills up the first age of the Church in Ireland—the fifth century belongs to him. The sixth and seventh are those in which Ireland was known as the ‘Island of Saints and Doctors,’ when the country was like one great sanctuary, where religion and science found a home amid the universal desolation which followed the inroad of the barbarians. . . .

“In our own times millions have gone forth from Ireland to plant the faith in the New World, or to revive it in the Old. We may estimate the episcopal sees, apostolic delegates, vicariates, and prefectures of the Catholic Church at something over a thousand; at least two hundred of these are found in nations using the English language. No hierarchy of any race or language is so numerous, or increases with such rapidity. Pius the Ninth has created thirty new bishoprics in the United States of America alone;

<sup>1</sup> *Eccles. Record*, April 1885.

and when we count the number of prelates in that country, and in others as well, who have received either their faith itself or their flocks from St. Patrick, we can realise the place held by the Apostle of Ireland in the Church of the nineteenth century.”<sup>1</sup>

“No saint,” writes Cardinal Manning, “had so many mitred sons in the Vatican Council as St. Patrick.”

In Germany are found 150 Irish Saints, Patrons of churches; of these 36 are martyrs. In France are invoked 45 Irish Saints, six of whom shed their blood for the faith. In Belgium are 30 Irish Saints, and Patrons of churches, many of whom, like St. Romulus, Patron of the Cathedral of Maline, the metropolitan See of Belgium, sealed their faith with their blood. In England 44 Irish Saints are Patrons of churches. In Italy we find no fewer than 13 Irish Saints. Norway and Iceland invoke 8 Irish Saints.

It has been calculated that Irish monks founded in Scotland, 13 monasteries; in England, 12; in France, 7; in Armorica Gaul, 12; in Lotharingia, 7; in Burgundy, 12; in Alsatia, 10; in Belgium, 9; in Bavaria, 16; in Italy, 6; in Retia and Helvetia, 15 (Ware's *Antiquities*).

<sup>1</sup> *St. Patrick*, pp. 14, 38.



These figures speak more eloquently than words of the glories of our ancient Irish Church.

Reflecting on the glories of our ancient Irish Church,—her monasteries, her schools, her Saints, her missionaries,—the heart of the Irishman will dilate, not in empty pride, but in praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty God, for the faith, the sanctity, and the learning of our forefathers; and the child of St. Patrick will whisper to Heaven a fervent prayer, that Jesus may guard for ever, pure and holy, the faith of our country, that the days of sanctity may return, and that Ireland may become again, as she once had been, the “Island of Saints.”

In the early ages, the Irish Church needed not the martyrs' blood to fertilise the soil to produce the rich harvest of Saints, but this sacrifice God reserved to a later age. Persecutions and sufferings are true tests of fidelity, for nations as well as for individuals. The tempter of holy Job said to Almighty God: “Skin for skin, and all that a man hath he will give for his life. Put forth Thy hand, and touch his bone and his flesh, and then Thou shalt see that he will bless Thee to Thy face” (Job ii. 4). The Israelites exposed to the hardships of the desert rebelled against

Moses, and against their God. How often the intrepid confessor fainted under his chains, and quailed and lost courage at the sight of the axe and halter. For poor Ireland the day of trial did come, and come with a vengeance; the foe, the stranger, the heretic, covered the land; the schools and monasteries from which, on hill and dale, prayer and sacrifice ascended like sweet incense before the Almighty, were razed to the ground, and the holy inmates either put to the sword, or exiled, to see no more the shores of their beloved Erin. Yes, *might* did conquer *right*; the holy altars were desecrated, the churches demolished, the abomination of desolation stood in the holy places; the sword, the rack, and the gibbet reeked in the blood of Ireland's bishops and priests. Driven from every home, the mountain fastnesses, the bog and the forest, protected the priest and his faithful flock from the axe and the halter; here each cave became a sanctuary, and each rude rock an altar, on which was offered, with the wide heavens as a canopy, the infinite Sacrifice of Redemption; and many a time, surprised in this lonely retreat, the good shepherd was torn from his loving and faithful flock, and martyred on the very rock on which before

he immolated the Lamb of God! Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament had no material temple, no home; "He had not whereon to rest His head;" but persecution could not reach the soul, and each Irish heart became a tabernacle for the Lord of Glory. All was lost—property, country, life; but the jewel of Heaven remained—the faith of Jesus, like the shamrock, indigenous to the soil, would not be rooted out. As in ancient Rome, under a Nero, a Domitian, a Decius, so in Ireland, the tender virgin, the helpless mother, the grey-haired father, and dauntless youth met death in its fiercest shape with equal courage and constancy. Nor was the storm a passing one; for several centuries it swept over the land in unabated fury; and when the tempest appeared to lull, the danger became the greater; when the sword was blunted, when the scaffold appeared loath to shed more innocent blood, when brute force could not shake the Irish heart, now flowers were strewed along the path to apostasy, tempting rewards were held out, and the fatal poison was concealed in the honeyed cup of learning; but, infinite thanks to the Almighty, and thanks to the "army" of Irish Saints, with St. Patrick at their head, who before the throne of God

prayed for fidelity and perseverance for their suffering and dying countrymen, the sons of St. Patrick were true to the faith of Jesus; they disdained and rejected the proffered boon of apostasy, and with holy indignation cast from their lips the poisoned draughts of the heretic. Persecution only purified the Irish Church; the faith, having passed through the crucible of every trial, only shone forth the more brilliantly, thereby showing to the world that God was its Author and God its defender. If the wicked ingenuity of the statesman, if the sword of the warrior, if the axe, the gibbet, the halter of the executioner, if all the wealth and talent of a mighty nation—in a word, if all the power of earth and hell leagued together could extinguish the faith of a nation, then, surely, the praises of Jesus and Mary must have long since died out in our country. Deep into the soil of the hearts of the Irish people, St. Patrick laid the foundations of the Church of Ireland; she has seen the snows of 1500 winters, and centuries of unparalleled persecutions, both by the Danes and still more by the English, assailed her in vain. To-day, in the lull of the storm, she stands forth one of the impregnable citadels of the Church of God,

with the banner of the Cross proudly floating from her battlements, and around are strewed the bleached bones of every enemy who dared to attack her; to-day, her virgin brow, wreathed with the laurels of victory, is without spot or wrinkle, as fair and lovely as when fifteen centuries ago our glorious Apostle wedded her to the Church of Rome, "the mother and mistress of all churches." If perseverance in the faith under unheard-of persecutions of every kind be a test of a nation's fidelity, the *sixteenth* and *seventeenth*, as well as the *seventh* century, may be called the *Golden Age of the Irish Church*.

During these centuries of persecution by the Danes, later on by the Saxons, and especially during the fierce wars of Elizabeth and Cromwell, nothing sacred escaped the hands of the spoilers. Hence libraries, containing priceless treasures of books and manuscripts, masterpieces of men of genius, recording the history of centuries, shared the fate of our monasteries, and were reduced to ashes. Every ingenuity was resorted to to destroy the records of the past and present, and obliterate or sully the memory of the illustrious dead. Hence, during these many years of persecutions, countless thousands of Irish Catholics shed

their blood for the faith of St. Patrick. Their names will be never known on earth; their glorious martyrdom is registered only on the book of Eternal Life. Few were the witnesses left to transmit to posterity a record of their sufferings for the faith. The researches of modern Celtic scholars among our neglected libraries at home, but especially on the Continent, have brought to light what for centuries had been sealed-up fountains, and their works have shed a lustre on our dear Irish Church.

The Jews crucified our Divine Saviour, and loaded His Sacred Name with opprobrium, lies, and calumnies. On the third day our Blessed Redeemer rose gloriously from the Tomb; by His Resurrection proved His Divinity; and is ever adored with supreme worship all over the world wide; and the Cross, so long the object of contempt and scorn, is, and ever shall be, emblem of triumph, glory, and victory. In Rome the early Christians were subjected to every indignity, accused of the greatest crimes, called the foulest names, and condemned to the most cruel tortures and most painful deaths. The undying faith of Jesus Christ survived the emperors and the empire. The Colosseum is a ruin, the Pantheon a Chris-

tian temple, the Capitol and the Seven Hills of Rome are capped with Christian churches.

What the Jews attempted in Jerusalem, the pagan emperors in Rome, the Saxon heretics have tried in Ireland. All the brute force of a powerful nation, all the wealth and talent of an empire, all the perverse ingenuity of statesmen, all were used to their utmost to stamp out the Catholic faith in Ireland. The Irish were robbed of their property and country, and their blood shed like rain. They were accused of every crime and conspiracy, and loaded with the foulest lies and calumnies.

In a word, all the powers of earth and hell were leagued to extinguish the faith of a poor helpless nation, but in vain. St. Patrick, St. Brigid, "the Mary of Erin," and the countless hosts of Irish Saints before the throne of God prayed for courage and perseverance for their suffering and dying countrymen; and victory was secured.

Infinite thanks be to Almighty God, from every Irish heart, and at every moment and for all eternity, that we to-day profess the pure faith of our forefathers, the unsullied faith of Jesus Christ preached by St. Patrick.

We need hardly apologise to our readers to insert here an exquisite passage from Cardinal Wiseman:—

“If every country and every nation has received special blessings from God, it would be superfluous to tell you that the one which distinguishes this land to every one who visits you—that which marks you in history, and will give its peculiar characteristic to the narrative of events in this your Island of Saints—is the wonderful gift of a living and lively faith, to which tests have been applied, such as it has never pleased God to subject any other nation to. The course of Divine Providence has generally been that persecution should assail an infant Church.

“We are told that the young plant requires the watering of the gardener, that it may take deep root in order to spring high; and we know well with what it is that God has watered, in almost every country, the infant Church. We know that it is the general law that the seed of faith should be cast in sorrow, in order that its sheaves may be borne in joy. Often the apostle himself has dropped into his own furrow and fertilised it, but the sprinkling of tears, mixed generally with blood, was the



rule whereby God gave the first birth, and then increase to His Church wherever, through the ministry of man, He planted it. Here this order of Providence may be said, to a great extent, to have been reversed. It seems as if there had been something pure and even congenial in the very soil, which opened itself and received gladly the seed of life, and made it produce one hundredfold; so that the life of one great and holy Apostle sufficed to see the entire land Catholic.

“The faith in this country is the true growth of the soil itself; and beautiful, indeed, as the most fair and lovely flower of the garden, graceful as the rose of Jericho, sweet as the lily of the valley, stately as the cedar on Libanus, fruitful as the grain which, in the steppes of Tartary, is to be gathered ripe and uncut by the sickle; rich as the clustering grapes of the vines of Engaddi, where they grow amid the ordinary productions of the soil, and where, unlike those in the gardens of Judea, they need not be planted or pruned. As indigenous as any of these, as fruitful and as beautiful, the Catholic faith is the growth of this land; and I thank God that it is so—for again I say, it cannot be rooted out. Oh no! it shall not be rooted out. That God who has

watched for so many hundred years over His faith in this land—never will He allow His work of ages to be made void by the policy, by the learning, by the astuteness of man; but that which He Himself has planted, shall grow and strengthen, and become more powerful, and shall send forth its branches, as it is doing, to the uttermost parts of the earth. The emigrants will carry this holy faith beyond the waters to the farthest islands of the sea. The missionary will go rejoicing in his work, and bearing the good tidings of God and of salvation to the savages of distant shores; and the faith planted here, after it has struck such deep root, and after it has withstood the storms which have so long raged over it in its native land, will fill islands and continents with the blessings which it has here bestowed upon those who surround me.”

The dark cloud that for centuries hung like a pall over this our dear country is being dissipated; the bright sun of Heaven sheds his rays upon the land; lies and calumnies are being refuted; the tombstones are deciphered, and the memories of the illustrious dead, blackened by the prejudice of perjured writers, shine forth before the world in all their beauty in the light of true history.

At length the springs of knowledge are being opened up. Our people are being educated. The spirit of inquiry is abroad. The fond burning love for the faith of our fathers and for the dear old land is intensified, and the sons and daughters of St. Patrick at home, and in the greater Ireland abroad, love and long to know the deeds, the exploits, and lives of patriots, saints, and martyrs, of whom Erin was the prolific mother.

We have said that St. Luke the Evangelist, in the Acts of the Apostles, narrated many of the leading facts, the suffering and glorious deaths, of some of the first preachers of the Gospel, for thirty years after the Ascension of our Blessed Lord. Notaries, appointed by the Popes, carefully collected, committed to writing the heroic sufferings and martyrdoms of the early Christians, and transmitted them to the admiration as well as veneration of posterity.

In the spirit of the above, we present to the public a brief sketch of the life and heroic death of an illustrious Irishman, Dr. Dermot O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel. His name is known only among the learned. Our sole object is to make his memory known and revered, not only among the

people of Cashel and Emly, for whom he lived and died, but, if possible, a household word in every home in Catholic Ireland.

In those dark days our patriots were branded as rebels, fidelity to the Vicar of Jesus Christ was styled high treason against the Crown, and the glorious martyrdom for the faith was called the last penalty of the law for the criminal who refused to swear allegiance to the king or queen as head of the Church, and obeyed the Pope, Vicar of Jesus Christ. Every falsehood and calumny was resorted to by Protestant writers to blacken the memory of bishops, priests, and laymen who suffered for the faith. The witnesses of the truth were few, and most frequently their statements were committed to the flames. Hence our sketch must necessarily be brief. Besides, we do not wish to swell the bulk of our volume, and hence put it beyond the reach of the people for whom we write. We confine ourselves to documents beyond all doubt authentic.

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## SECTION IV.

## DR. O'HURLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

DAVID O'HURLEY was born in the year 1519, in a small village called Lycodoou, in the parish of Knockea, three miles from the city of Limerick. The village no longer exists. The ruins of an old Norman castle mark the spot; but the parish still bears the same name.<sup>1</sup>

His father, William O'Hurley, belonged to a respectable family, farmed extensive property, and was agent to the Earl of Desmond, one of the most powerful chiefs in Munster. His mother, Honora O'Brien, was

<sup>1</sup> Knockea is in the diocese of Limerick. In the Register at Louvain we find "Dermitius Hurrilous, Imolacensis, Hibernus," etc. The family probably removed to the diocese of Emly before Dr. O'Hurley entered college.

Father Halpin, the present esteemed parish priest of Knockea, kindly writes:—

"MY DEAR DEAN,— . . . From diligent inquiries on the spot, I can say there is no trace of the village of Lycodoou. . . . There is an old castle, which was in a good state of preservation till 1873, when it fell, and is now a heap of ruins. I believe Knockea was always in the diocese of Limerick. . . . It is only a mile from the parish of Bohermore, which is in the diocese of Emly. The O'Hurley family might have a residence there also."

of noble blood, descended from the O'Briens of the princely house of Thomond.

Dermod manifested from his tenderest years a love for prayer and study. The grace of God shone upon his sweet face; and his vocation, the call of God to the sanctuary and altar of Jesus Christ, was clear and distinct. His parents, though worldly in a sense, yet full and proud of the old faith, like all good Irish fathers and mothers in every station of life, fostered and encouraged his holy aspirations and vocation, and thanked God to be blessed with a son called to be the minister of Jesus Christ, and to offer to Heaven the infinite Victim of Redemption.

Having no schools or colleges at home, our holy youth, like all others of his class, had to turn his face to the Continent, there to find the training and education, sacred and profane, to fit him for the sacred ministry.

At this time, and long before, all the seats of learning, monasteries, and schools were razed to the ground. Catholic education in any shape was banned. During the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, brute force, diabolical hatred of the Catholic faith, ruled supreme. Later on, the same power

and spirit enacted the Penal Laws to root out and extinguish the faith of the nation. In no age, in no country, did the malignant ingenuity of man ever enact laws so wicked, so calculated not only to destroy the faith, but debase the manhood of a conquered people. No Catholic was allowed to teach or open a school. Bishops, priests, and friars were hunted down like wild beasts. The price was put upon the head of "wolf or friar." Let us quote a few Acts of Parliament:—"The second beast is a priest, on whose head we lay ten pound; if he is eminent, more" (Burton, etc., 1657). "And for Jesuits, priests, friars, monks, and nuns, £20 will be given to any that can bring certain intelligence where any of them are. And whosoever doth harbour or conceal any one of them is to forfeit life and estate" (Parliament 1650).

To celebrate Holy Mass, or any public worship of Catholic faith, was forbidden under the gravest penalties by law. On St. Patrick's Day, 1745, at the dawn of morning, a crowd assembled to hear Holy Mass in an old warehouse in Dublin. The pressure of the ardent, pious, faithful children of St. Patrick was so great, that the floor gave way, and nine persons, including

the priest at the altar, were crushed to death.

This fact attracted the attention of the civilised world to the sufferings of a whole nation for conscience' sake ; and the Government allowed the Catholics to open "chapels" or "Mass-houses." This very year, 1745, Lord-Deputy Chichester writes: "I know not how the attachment to the Catholic Church is so deeply rooted in the hearts of the Irish, unless it be the very soil is infected with Popery." What a glorious testament to the faith and fidelity of our forefathers. Let us pray that the sons of generations present and to come, at home and abroad, be worthy of their sires. Such examples will preach to the people of to-day to cling with undying faith, like their persecuted fathers, to the altar and priest.

In the *Golden Age of the Irish Church*, that is, in the sixth, seventh, and eighth century, students from every country in Europe—French, Romans, Greeks, Ægyptians—flocked to the famous schools of Erin, to drink at the pure source the science of knowledge, as well as the science of the Saints. At Armagh, Bangor, Clonmacnoise, Lismore, Clonfert, Durrone, and Emly, they were not only welcomed, but gratuitously



supplied with books, clothes, and food. "So zealous and disinterested love of learning," writes a modern author, "is unparalleled in the annals of the world." Dr. Kelly writes: "Not only was Ireland peopled by native Saints, but the soil we tread covers the remains of many thousand foreigners, who came to find learning, or the greatest learning of all—the science of the Saints, and lived and died in the odour of sanctity in their adopted country."<sup>1</sup>

Ireland's turn is now come; and the charity of her fathers is repaid with usurious interest. The universities and schools of every Catholic country on the Continent are thrown open to Irish students. In France, Belgium, Italy, and Spain, Irish youths were received with welcome, were educated gratuitously, and all their wants supplied to fit them for the sacred ministry. Many became distinguished professors in the Universities, and lived and died in the odour of sanctity in their adopted countries. Others, as priests or bishops, returned home to keep alive the faith among their countrymen, and frequently to seal it with their blood. To the latter class belonged our martyr, Dr. O'Hurley.

<sup>1</sup> *Disser. His.* p. 216.

## SECTION V.

DR. O'HURLEY AT THE UNIVERSITIES OF  
PARIS AND LOUVAIN.

DURING the Middle Ages, and for centuries after, the University of Paris was the most renowned in the world. Her professors, distinguished for learning and sanctity, attracted to her the students of Europe. There lectured St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, and our own John Duns Scotus, second only to the Angelic Doctor, was crowned and styled the *SUBTLE DOCTOR*. St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, and many other holy men sanctified its halls and lecture-rooms by the sweet odour of their lives.

In this famous school young O'Hurley spent many years in silent preparation for the sacred ministry. Few or no details of the college life of our holy student have reached us. We can well imagine how he spent his years like St. Patrick, in secret prayer, in silent study, storing his mind with knowledge profane and sacred, and practising the science of the Saint. Dr. O'Hurley finished his studies in the Univer-

sity of Louvain, then, as now, renowned for her learned professors. Here, in a public defence before students and professors, he won, with universal applause, his degrees of Doctor in Theology, and Doctor in Canon and Civil Laws.

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## SECTION VI.

DR. O'HURLEY, PROFESSOR AT LOUVAIN  
AND RHEIMS.

WHEN our young ecclesiastic had won his degrees with such *éclat* at Louvain, the Rector and Professors had their eyes fixed upon him, as fit to be a member of their learned staff. At Louvain were students of distinguished talents from every country in Europe; it was, therefore, no small honour for the Irishman to be chosen to fill the important chair of Philosophy, which he taught for four years, with such success that by his learning and talents he won the admiration of the students and professors of the University.

At this time, Cardinal de Guise founded new chairs in the University of Rheims, and invited distinguished professors from the great schools on the Continent. We find Dr. O'Hurley among the new staff, and lecturing with his usual abilities in the chair of Canon Law. What an honour, to see the young Irish priest — the future martyr — chosen from among the most learned doctors of the Universities of the Continents, to profess the highest class in a strange, though friendly country !

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## SECTION VII.

DR. O'HURLEY IS CONSECRATED ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND LANDS IN IRELAND. DR. O'HURLEY AT WATERFORD, SLANE, AND HOLYCROSS.

At this time the See of Cashel was vacant, by the death of Dr. M'Gibbon. Dr. O'Hurley happened to be in Rome on a pious visit to the shrine of the Saints. The fame of his learning, talents, and piety had gone before

him; he was well known in Rome. The qualifications for an Irish bishop then were, not so much learning and talents,—our Saint possessed both in an eminent degree,—as the courage of the martyr, carrying his life in his hands, and prepared to lay it down at the first call of God.

The Divine Providence of God makes use of the ministry of men, as the channels of His graces, for the propagation of the Gospel and the salvation of souls. At all times, but especially in days of persecution, and on eventful appointments, the Holy See, the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, is assisted by the Spirit of God in the selection of her chief pastors. About filling up of the vacant See there was neither delay nor doubt. At a Consistory, held on the 11th of September 1581, by Pope Gregory XIII., Dr. O'Hurley was appointed Archbishop of Cashel, was consecrated in Rome, and on the 27th of November, the same year, received the Pallium in person.

Our new Archbishop was fully aware of the dangers of his new mission. He appeared to have a presentiment of the sufferings, the life and death, the crown of martyrdom, that awaited him in his native country; and hence remained in Rome for some six or

eight months, making due preparations ; and spent hours and days in fervent prayer before the shrines of the Apostles and early martyrs.

From the published letters of Rev. W. Allen, then Rector of the English College at Rheims, afterwards Cardinal, we find that Dr. O'Hurley arrived in Rheims, where he had been professor, on the 5th of August 1582. He fell seriously sick on the 16th of the same month ; and left some time in the month of September on his way to Ireland.

Our Archbishop, like all ecclesiastics in those penal days, travelled in disguise.

We cannot fix for certain the precise date of the Archbishop's arrival in Ireland ; but from State Papers we find the authorities in full pursuit of him in the year 1583. Dr. O'Hurley sent his papers, bulls, and baggage to Waterford by a Wexford merchant. Himself and his faithful chaplain, Father Dillon, put on every disguise, travelled by secret and hidden routes, to avoid the spies and detectives that dogged the footsteps of every stranger, and secretly and safely landed at Skerries, near Drogheda. A singular fact that Skerries was sanctified by the footsteps of St. Patrick on his first landing in Ireland. After a short stay in Skerries, our holy

missionary proceeded to Waterford to secure his papers and baggage. The merchant's ship to Waterford fell in with pirates; the bulls, papers, and baggage were seized, and afterwards used in evidence against him at the Castle. In this city he remained some time, concealed in the house of a devoted Catholic, and exercised all the functions of his sacred ministry.

At Waterford, Father Dillon was recognised by a Government official, named Walter Baal, a spy, was arrested and cast into prison; Dr. O'Hurley succeeded to evade the spy, left the city in the dark of midnight, and proceeded to the castle of a friendly nobleman, the Baron of Slane, whose wife, Catherine Preston, received him most kindly, and concealed him for some days in a secret chamber.

A biographer gives the following interesting details of his stay and discovery at Slane:—

“Dr. O'Hurley fled to the Castle of Slane, where he was kindly received by Catherine Preston, the wife of Lord Slane. At first he dared not leave his own room; but, growing more confident by degrees, he appeared at the public table, and dined even with strangers. One day the Chancellor, Robert

Dillon, came on a visit to the castle, whether by accident or design no one could tell, and the Archbishop conversed with him during dinner with such grace and eloquence, that the Chancellor's suspicions were excited, and he determined to make strict inquiries regarding the character and mission of this distinguished stranger. Lord Slane was immediately sent for, and ordered, under the heaviest penalties, to bring the Archbishop to the Castle of Dublin with the least possible delay. With this unjust mandate the earl determined to comply, partly through fear of losing his estates, and partly through weakness of faith; but before his return from Dublin, Dr. O'Hurley had escaped to Carrick-on-Suir. The Baron and his officials pursued him thither and placed him under arrest, against the strong remonstrance of Thomas Butler, surnamed the Black, Earl of Ormond, who then held the castle" (Rothe).

Short was his stay at the Castle of Slane. Detectives were on his track; the Government officials got inklings of his hiding-place; and to save his host from the heavy penalties inflicted by the law on those who harboured outlaws, and especially ecclesiastics exercising foreign jurisdiction, our



holy Prelate secretly left Slane, and proceeded southward. He travelled in disguise through Cavan, Longford, and, after many hardships and fatigues, arrived at Holycross, the first time he set his foot on his own diocese.

Our holy Archbishop spent some days in prayer at the holy shrine. The knowledge of his presence spread about, and the faithful people flocked to the Abbey to get the blessing of their Prelate. He animated their faith by words of consolation, inspired them with new courage to cling to the old faith and detest the new heresy. He administered the sacraments, especially of Confirmation, to many.

Father Dillon deserves a parting word. He was the faithful chaplain to our Archbishop; he was the confidant of his heart, the partner of his perils, sorrows, nay, joys. The holy priest was recognised by the wretched spy, Walter Baal, in Waterford, arrested, loaded with chains, and cast into prison. He spent four months in a hideous dungeon. Finally the holy priest obtained his liberty through the secret influence of his brother, who was Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

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## SECTION VIII.

DR. O'HURLEY ARRESTED IN CARRICK-ON-SUIR—  
LOADED WITH CHAINS—CAST INTO PRISON  
—CONVEYED TO KILKENNY—THENCE TO  
DUBLIN.

DR. O'HURLEY, to evade the pursuit of his enemies, made straight from Holycross to Carrick-on-Suir, to the castle of the Ormonds, where he was received with welcome and affection. Thomas, Earl of Ormond, surnamed the Black, to save his estates, to secure the favour of the Queen, had the perfidy and baseness to apostatise, yet in his heart he detested the new heresy, secretly encouraged and protected the Catholics, and hence received in the most friendly manner the persecuted Archbishop.

From spies and detectives in almost every house, and scattered through the country, the Government found out all the secrets. The Baron of Slane was summoned to account for his suspected visitors, and was threatened with all the pains and penalties of the law unless he delivered up his former guests.

The cowardly Baron trembled before the

Lord Justices, promised obedience, and set out for Carrick-on-Suir to seize upon the person of our holy Archbishop.

Before His Passion our Blessed Lord felt and expressed all the weakness of poor human nature. The knowledge of His sufferings overwhelmed His soul with bitter anguish and sorrow. Three times in touching accents He sought comfort from His Disciples, saying, "Stay you here and watch with Me." With His Sacred Heart breaking with anguish, the Saviour cried out, "My soul is sorrowful even unto death." Deprived of all human consolation, our Divine Redeemer turned to His Heavenly Father and prayed for His Life: "My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me" (Luke xxii. 42). The Father was moved to pity, and sent an Angel to comfort Him, "And there appeared an Angel from heaven, strengthening Him" (Luke xxii. 43). The chalice would not pass away; our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ was to die for the sins of the world.

In like manner our holy martyr had a clear foresight of the tortures and death that awaited him, and, feeling all the weakness of poor human nature, attempted to escape from the hands of his enemies. God sent an

Angel to deliver St. Peter from prison ; and St. Paul made use of all human means to save his life from the Jews who sought it, in order that they may advance the greater glory of God, and preach and propagate the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In the same spirit our holy Prelate, seeing the wolf in the fold, and the flock scattered without priest or bishop ; seeing heresy stalking through the land, and every bribe held out to induce apostasy from the faith of St. Patrick, believed he was bound to make use of the ordinary means of God's Providence to save his life. These two reasons account for his flying from the hands of his enemies. His hour was not yet come.

When the time of His Passion was come, our Blessed Lord freely delivered Himself into the hands of His enemies ; yet He showed the deepest concern for the safety of His Disciples.

Our Divine Redeemer said to the Jews, "Whom seek ye ? They answered, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus said to them, I am He. . . . If therefore you seek me, let these go their way. . . . Then the band and the tribune and the servants of the Jews took Jesus and bound Him" (John xviii. 5). When St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, was

exiled by Henry II., he took refuge with the Cistercian monks at Pontigni in France. The king threatened to abolish their Order in England if they continued to harbour his enemy. To save his friends from the cruelty of the tyrant, the Saint left the monastery. The Saint, about to die in the Cathedral of Canterbury, said to his murderers, "I am ready to die for God . . . but I forbid you, in the name of the Almighty God, to hurt in the least any of my people." The Saints copy and transform into their lives Jesus their model and example.

In this spirit, to save his friends, and to give his life and blood for the Church of Jesus Christ, our Prelate, at Carrick-on-Suir, freely delivered himself into the hands of the officers of the Government.

The Gospel says, "the band and the tribute and the servants of the Jews took Jesus and bound Him. . . . And the men that held Him mocked Him and struck Him. And they blindfolded Him and smote His face." The historian says of Dr. O'Hurley at Carrick-on-Suir, "He was at once put in chains, and led off as a criminal to Kilkenny gaol." How like, in a sense, of the Apprehension of our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane!

Through the influence of the Ormond family, which was all-powerful in Kilkenny, many of the citizens got permission to visit our holy Prelate, and received the sacraments at his hands. He spoke freely of the awful tortures and death which he foresaw awaited him. His constant prayer to God was for courage and fortitude to lay down his life for the faith of Jesus Christ, and for the same end he used to beg the prayers of his pious visitors. From Kilkenny our holy Archbishop, laden with chains, was conducted to Dublin, where he arrived on the 7th of October 1583, and was thrown into the filthy dungeon of the city.

During the long journey from Carrick-on-Suir to Dublin our Saint's sufferings were most intense. He suffered from hunger and thirst. Cold water to moisten his parched lips and tongue was denied him. The chains with which he was bound cut his tender holy hands and feet, and his guards mocked and showered upon him all manner of insults and injuries. During the journey his lodging was the filthy prison of the town or village through which he passed.

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## SECTION IX.

DR. O'HURLEY'S SUFFERINGS IN THE PRISON  
IN DUBLIN—IS PUT TO THE AWFUL TORTURE  
CALLED "THE BOOTS."

AFTER some days our holy Prelate was brought before the Lord Justices, Adam Loftus, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and Sir Harry Wallop, who interrogated him on his jurisdiction from the Pope, his mission to Ireland, and threatened him with torture and death to reveal his conspiracy and treasonable designs against the Queen.

Loftus was an English pervert, and won the favour of the wicked Queen by his hatred of the Catholic faith, and his thirst for the blood of laymen, priests, and Prelates.

With fortitude from on High our martyr professed his faith before the heretics, acknowledged his jurisdiction from the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ. He repudiated all conspiracies or treasonable designs against the Queen or Crown, and declared his holy mission was to console his suffering flock, to preach the Gospel, and was prepared to defend with his blood the true faith of Jesus Christ.

Our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ, with His sacred hands bound by strong cords, was brought before Caiaphas the high priest, and Pilate the Roman governor, and questioned about "His doctrine," His mission, and His disciples. And when His silence and answers did not satisfy their wicked designs, the Saviour of the world was subjected to every insult and indignity. The servants strike our Divine Redeemer on the face, they spit into His Divine face, they mock and blindfold Him. The Gospel of St. Mark says: "And some began to spit on Him, and to cover His face, and to buffet Him, and to say unto Him, Prophecy: and the servants did strike Him with the palms of their hands" (Mark xiv. 65). St. Luke writes: "And the men that held Him mocked Him, and struck Him. And they blindfolded Him, and smote His face" (xxii. 64).

In like manner our holy martyr, Dr. O'Hurley, laden with chains, was brought from a filthy dungeon before the high priest, Adam Loftus, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and Sir Harry Wallop, the Governor of Queen Elizabeth, and subjected to every insult and indignity, which, in imitation of his Divine Master, he bore with serene meekness and patience.



Our Saint was offered all the honours and dignities in the power of the Queen if he abjured the supremacy of the Pope. The Prelate spurned the proffered honours; to exchange the eternal glories of heaven for the base dross of earth!

O'Sullivan Beare writes: "He was brought before the Lords Justices, Loftus and Wallop. At first they received him kindly, and promised him a free pardon and promotion in the Church, if he denied the spiritual power of the Pope, and acknowledged the Queen's supremacy. 'He had resolved,' he replied, 'never to abandon for any temporary reward the Catholic Church, the Vicar of Christ, and the true faith.'"

Rothe also states: "His enemies sought to make him waver in the faith, offering him dignity and office if he would resign his position as Bishop, and acknowledge the Queen to have a double sovereignty, ecclesiastical as well as secular. There was sent to him for this purpose Thomas Johns, who is now Chancellor of this kingdom. *But he remained unshaken as the Marpesian Rock.*"

A last effort was tried. His only sister, Honora O'Hurley, to whom he was much attached, was sent to him. She, with tears in her eyes, implored him to save his life,

and to conform for a time only in outward appearance. The Saint was shocked. He explained to her the grievousness of her sin, bade her go upon her knees and beg pardon of God for her sin, which she did, in a true spirit of penance and contrite heart. Fond love for a dear brother, to save the life of a brother whom she idolised, for a moment staggered her faith. She confessed her sin, and Dr. O'Hurley gave absolution to his fond but erring sister, Honora O'Hurley. She kissed, embraced, and bathed with her tears the face of her darling brother in chains, and separated to meet again in the land of the living. Thus the martyr brother won to God the too fond and erring sister.

For nine months our holy Prelate was confined in the public prison of Dublin, perfectly resigned to God's holy will, awaiting the final call, and bearing all his privations and sufferings with the serene joy of the martyr. He was subjected to a torture called "*The Boots*," which in diabolical ingenuity equalled, if not surpassed, the sufferings of the early martyrs.

"**THE BOOTS.**"—In the prison yard, before the officials of the Government, the legs of our martyr were forced into long tin boots, filled with oil, butter, lime, and other like

substances. He was placed on his back in the stocks, his legs, encased in the tin boots, projecting at one side. A fire was kindled under the boots, and in a moment the contents, viz. oil, butter, lime, etc., were in flames. The sufferings and pain can hardly be conceived. During the torture, he was entreated to renounce the jurisdiction of the Pope, and to accept the supremacy of the Queen. With his eyes placidly fixed on heaven, his reply and prayer was, "*Jesu miserere mei*," "Jesus, have mercy on me." During the whole time of his sufferings, that sweet prayer never left his lips. Our merciful and loving Jesus heard his prayer, and endowed him with heroic courage and constancy. Nay, serene joy, like a sunbeam from heaven, seemed to play round his countenance in his agony; the hearts of many of the bystanders were touched and moved to pity.

The first-fruit of the sufferings of our martyr was the conversion of an apostate. The Bishop of Ferns, Dr. Peter Power, through fear of torture, denied the faith, and hence received all the honours of the Court. Witnessing the courage of Dr. O'Hurley, he was struck with remorse for his weakness and criminal denial of the

faith. With fortitude, inspired by the example of our Saint, he came before the Lord Justices; expressed his sorrow for his perfidy; declared his allegiance to the Vicar of Christ; and rejected with disdain the supremacy of the Queen. "He too," writes the historian, "is now confined in a loathsome dungeon, from which every ray of light is excluded." After enduring sufferings and privations of all sorts, for years, in a darksome dungeon, he escaped to Spain, where he died in the odour of sanctity (Bruodin).

The fruit of the blood of St. Stephen was the conversion of St. Paul; so the martyrdom of the Archbishop of Cashel won the salvation of the Bishop of Ferns.

The same torture was threatened to terrify the Bishop of Emly, whose name unfortunately we can't find out, to deny the faith, his spiritual allegiance to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and accept the supremacy of the Queen. The fearless Prelate confessed the true faith, and, after two years' sufferings, died in prison the glorious death of the confessor. What example of courage and fidelity to the faith these holy Prelates give, not only to the priests and people of Cashel and Emly, but to the whole Irish race.

The ordeal failed, the boots are taken off. How heartrending the sight! From the hips to the toes all the flesh had melted off, and the bare bones alone remained.

We shall give the words of a contemporary writer on our martyr's sufferings at this stages.

Stanihurst, a contemporary, who was well acquainted with the high officials of the Government, after describing the death of Primate Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, thus writes: "The Archbishop of Cashel met a harder fate, and the barbarous cruelty of Calvinism cannot be better shown than by it. The executioners placed the Archbishop's feet and the calves of his legs in tin boots filled with oil; they then fastened his feet in wooden shackles or stocks, and placed fire under them. The boiling oil so penetrated the feet and legs, that morsels of the skin and even flesh fell off, and left the shin bare. The officer (Watrons) whose duty it was to preside over the torture, unused to such unheard-of suffering, and unable to look on such an inhuman spectacle, or to bear the piteous cries of the innocent prelate, suddenly left his seat and quitted the place.

"The cruel minds of the Calvinistic executioners were gratified, but not appeased,

by these extraordinary torments ; and a few days afterwards, wholly unexpectedly, they took out the Archbishop, who from his sufferings was indeed suffering a daily death, yet had no reason to expect execution, to a place a little distance from the Castle of Dublin. This was done at early dawn, lest the spectacle should excite a tumult among the people. There they hung him with a halter roughly woven of twigs, to increase his torture. This barbarous and inhuman cruelty satiated indeed their thirst for his blood, but opened for the holy Prelate the fountain of eternal life ; so that, drinking of its eternal source, though cast down, he is raised up ; though conquered, he hath conquered ; slain, he lives, and by the cruelty of the Calvinists triumphs everlastingly."

Rothe writes : "The cries of the holy Archbishop, of which I have spoken, were no murmurs of an impatient mind—not a cry as the cry of Esau, or as those that mourn the dead, but the sighs of a Christian breast feeling the bitterness of its torments ; for he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity, and from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head all was tormented. Not only his legs and feet were tortured with the boiling oil and salt, but his whole

body was burnt with the heat, and bathed in the chill perspiration of exhaustion. With a loud voice he cried out, 'Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon me!' raising up his voice with his soul to Him who alone is mighty to save. No torture could wring from him aught but a profession of the orthodox faith; he was stronger than his tortures, for neither boiling oil nor piercing salt nor blazing fire could shake his faith or extinguish his love of God.

"Exhausted, and as it were suffocated by his sufferings, whilst fastened in the stocks, the Archbishop lost all voice and sense, and when taken out lay on the ground like dead, unable to move hand or foot, or even eye or tongue. The head executioner began to fear lest he had exceeded his orders, which were only to torture and not to kill, and might be punished for having put him to death without orders. He therefore directed him to be wrapped in linen and laid on a feather bed, and poured a few drops into his mouth to see if any life yet remained in the tortured body, and if he could be recalled to his senses. The next morning, as he had a little revived, aromatic drinks were administered to him, to give him strength to endure new torments, the executioners rejoicing as

they saw him slowly swallow it from a spoon, for they feared to receive from Wallop the same punishment as Perillus from Phalaris.

“Our martyr was gradually so far recovered as to be able to sit up and to limp a little, when his enemies sought to make him waver in his faith, offering him dignity and office if he would resign his position as Bishop, and acknowledge the Queen to have a double sovereignty, ecclesiastical as well as secular. There was sent to him for this purpose, amongst others, Thomas Johns, who is now Chancellor of this kingdom. But he remained unshaken as the Marpesian Rock. His only sister, too, Honore Hurley, was induced to go and tempt him to apostatise, and she urgently besought him to yield; but he, frowning on her, ordered her to fall at his knees and humbly beg pardon of God and absolution for so grave a crime against God, so hurtful to her own soul, and so abhorred by her brother.

“These governors were about to quit their office, to be succeeded by Sir John Perrot, who at this time arrived in Dublin; but before he entered on office, as it was rumoured that the Earl of Ormond was hastening to Dublin to congratulate the new



Viceroy, and intercede with him for Dermot, Wallop was determined first to slake his hatred in the blood of the Archbishop."

Let us for a moment reflect on this awful torture of our martyr, and his heroic fortitude, equal to the early Christians. While the Lamb of God was being nailed to the cross, amid the most exquisite sufferings, His Blessed Countenance was calm and serene; His sweet Divine Eyes placidly fixed upon His heavenly Father in Paradise. St. Lawrence was roasted to death on a gridiron, and whilst his body was being broiled over the slow fire, his eyes were placidly fixed on heaven, praying, like his Divine Master, for his executioners. The torture of our holy Prelate was little if at all less. The flesh of his legs was broiled in the "Boots;" his lips pronouncing the sweet prayer, "Jesus, have mercy on me." Death soon ended the sufferings of St. Lawrence. Our holy Archbishop was reserved for more torture. The martyrdom of St. Lawrence took place in the year 258; ever since, in every land, and every clime and tongue, his name is in benediction, whilst Dr. O'Hurley is unknown and forgotten, not only in the land of his birth, but in his own very diocese.

What country can boast of a nobler champion of the faith? Thank God, the night is being passed. The dawn of intelligence and freedom is on the horizon, and Ireland will soon duly honour, like other countries, the memories of her Saints, martyrs, and heroes.

Our holy Prelate, suffering the most excruciating pains, was led back to his darksome dungeon, without the kind look of a friend to offer him a word of consolation, or dress his bleeding wounds. Tortures having failed to force our holy Archbishop to deny the jurisdiction of the Pope, and acknowledge the supremacy of the Queen, the Government resolved to put him to death.

O'Sullivan writes: "There happened to be then in Dublin a priest of the Society, called Charles M'Morris, who had much experience in medicine and surgery, and who had been himself confined in prison by the English, but released on account of the skill with which he treated some noblemen when suffering from dangerous illness. This father went to visit the Archbishop, and applied remedies which proved most useful, so that he was able to sit up in bed within less than a fortnight."

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## SECTION X.

THE MARTYRDOM OF DR. O'HURLEY. HE IS  
HANGED IN STEPHEN'S GREEN.

THE authorities, anxious to send our holy Prelate to the scaffold, were somewhat puzzled. It was not yet high treason in Ireland to profess the Catholic faith; nor was it, in the strict sense, legal to try and execute him by martial law. Then, as now, the law was made in the Castle; the law was the will of the tyrants, who thirsted for the blood of the Catholic Archbishop, and without trial, judge, or jury, the warrant of the execution of Dr. O'Hurley was signed by the two Lord Justices, Adam Loftus, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and Sir Harry Wallop, on the 29th of June 1584.

Leaving the prison for the place of his execution, our martyr seized the hand of a friend who was faithful to him during his imprisonment, and, as a mark of deep gratitude, imprinted on it a red sign of the cross, and this mark could never be effaced.

In these dark penal days, the lives of many Catholics were spared, through the influence of foreign ambassadors, especially

of Spain and France, who were always most friendly to Irish Catholics.

It was well known that the Ormond family, who had great influence with the Queen and court in London, were exerting all their power to obtain the pardon and release of the Archbishop. To anticipate the certain success of their efforts, the tyrants in Dublin Castle lost no time. At the dawn of morning, after the signing of the warrant, our holy Prelate was taken from the prison, brought outside the city, and hanged, like a public criminal, with a rope made of twigs, cut on Stephen's Green, which was then an osiery, to prolong his sufferings on the scaffold. The Catholic University Church, Stephen's Green, was then a lonely spot on the outskirts of the city, where our Saint gave his life for the faith. Thus, on the 30th of June 1584, a glorious death ended the sufferings of Dr. O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, and obtained for him the martyr's crown.

Three faithful friends found out the secret, followed the holy Prelate, and witnessed his glorious martyrdom.

In the early ages, the faith and fortitude of the first martyrs won to Christianity the Pagans and the Jews. Their serene joy amid

the most exquisite tortures strengthened the faith, and inspired courage to the weaker brethren. To prevent the above effect, many of the martyrs were secretly put to death.

In like manner did the heretics treat our glorious martyr. We have already stated that his fortitude under the torture of the "Boots" brought back to the faith the apostate Bishop of Ferns; hence only three faithful Catholics found out the secret, and witnessed his martyrdom at the grey dawn of morning in Stephen's Green.

As in the early ages, so the Irish Catholics were strengthened in the faith by the heroic example of their Prelates, no wonder that the relics of the martyrs were sought after and preserved with loving veneration by the faithful.

An example will edify our pious readers: Barnaby Ryché, a Protestant and an eye-witness, describes as follows the martyrdom of Dr. Cornelius O'Dovany, Bishop of Down and Connor, and Father O'Loughrane. He writes:—

"About two o'clock in the afternoon of February 1st, 1611, both were handed over to the sheriff, and placed on a small car, in which they were taken to the place of

execution. . . . The spectators knelt down as the car passed by, and made such a lamentation after him as the heavens themselves resounded their outcries. . . . The executioner had no sooner taken off the bishop's head, but the townsmen of Dublin began to flock about him, some taking the head up with pitying aspect, accompanied with sobs and sighs; some kissed it with so religious an appetite as ever they kissed the pax; some cut away all the hair from the head, which they preserved for a relic; some others were practisers to steal the head away, but the executioner gave notice to the sheriffs. Now, when he began to quarter the body, the women thronged about him, and happy was she that could get but her handkerchief dipped in the blood of the traitor; and the body being once dissevered into four quarters, they neither left finger nor toe, but they cut them off, and carried them away."

The Annals of the Four Masters thus narrate the death of these two martyrs:—

"Dr. Cornelius O'Dovany was taken prisoner by the English, and offered riches and rewards if he would go over to their heresy; but he despised them for an everlasting kingdom. He was released then,

but he was taken again, when Sir Arthur Chichester was Lord Justice of Ireland, and was put to death.

"He was first beheaded, and then his members were cut in quarters, and his flesh mangled.

"There was not a Christian in the land of Ireland whose heart did not shudder within him at the horror of the martyrdom, which this chaste, wise divine, and the perfect and truly meek, righteous man suffered for the reward of his soul. The Christians who were then in Dublin contended with each other to see which of them should have one of his limbs, and not only his limbs, but they had fine linen in readiness to prevent his blood from falling on the ground, for they were convinced that he was one of the holy martyrs of the Lord. . . .

"Gilla Patrick O'Loughrane, a distinguished priest, was with the Bishop at this time, when the English had decided that both these should be put to death. The Bishop was afraid that the priest might be seized with horror and dismay at the sight of the tortures about to be inflicted on his own body, so that he requested the executioner to put the priest to death before him-

self. The priest said that he need not be in dread on his account, it was not right an honourable Bishop should be without a priest to attend him. This he did, for he consented and suffered the like torture to be inflicted on him for the sake of the kingdom of heaven for his soul.”<sup>1</sup>

We shall give a few sentences from Rothe to edify our pious readers. “When the holy Bishop came in sight of the cart on which he was to be drawn to the place of execution, he sighed, and said, ‘My Lord Jesus, for my sake, went on foot bearing His cross to the mountain where He suffered; and must I be borne in a cart as though unwilling to die for Him, when I would hasten with willing feet to that glory? Would that I might bear my cross and hasten on my feet to meet my Lord!’ Turning to his fellow-sufferer Patrick, he said, ‘Come, my brave comrade and worthy soldier of Christ, let us imitate His death as best we may, who was led to the slaughter as a sheep before the shearer.’ Then, bending down and kissing the cart, he mounted up into it, and sat down with his back to the horses, and was thus drawn through the paved streets to the field where the gallows was erected. . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Eccles. Record*, August 1892.



“Men of the first rank, and the inhabitants of all the neighbouring villages and castles, crowded as to a solemn sight; they saluted with reverence the Bishop as he passed in the cart, and begged his pontifical benediction. As they lamented his death, he gently consoled them, and with forcible words exhorted them to fortitude and constancy in the faith and all Christian piety. Many noble matrons came and lamented the death of the Bishop; and as they perceived several of the King's council accompanying the procession, and showing their hostility, they boldly exclaimed in their hearing that it ill became the King's councillors to turn executioners. . . .

“Cornelius, when he was come to the place of sacrifice, being solicitous for the constancy of his colleague, begged that Patrick might be put to death first, for he feared lest, by the sight of his death and the wiles of the Calvinists, Patrick might be induced to yield to human weakness. But as his wish would not be granted, Father Patrick assured the Bishop he might lay aside all fear for him. ‘Though,’ said he, ‘I would desire to die first, and be strengthened in my agony by your paternal charity, since we are given up to the will of others, go, happy father, and

fear not for my constancy; aid me by your prayers with God, by whose help I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature, shall separate me from the love of Christ, or from my companionship with you.' Rejoiced at these words, Cornelius threw himself on his knees, but had only breathed a hasty prayer (which yet reached God in heaven), when the councillors, the captain, and the guard called out to make an end quickly. The field, situated to the north of the city, which would easily hold 3000 persons, was crowded. The executioner was an Englishman and a Protestant (for no Irishman could be found who would stain himself with the blood of the Bishop), who was condemned to death for robbery, and was promised his life for acting as executioner on this occasion. Yet though he had thus purchased his life, he was touched with reverence and compassion for the grey hairs of the Bishop, and prayed his pardon, and with trembling hands adjusted the noose. The moment the Bishop mounted the first step of the ladder, and his head was seen above the crowd, great cries and groans burst from all the spectators. . . .

"It is related that all the field was

crowded with men, women, and children; and when the martyr was dead, all struggled to carry away some relic, either a scrap of his clothes, or a drop of his blood, or a fragment of bone or skin; yet though all crowded and struggled, no one was hurt, but he was deemed most happy who was able to carry off the head of the Bishop, deemed more precious than gold or precious stones."

The following is taken from O'Sullivan:—

"The Bishop's head was hardly cut off, when an Irishman seized it, and, rushing into the centre of the crowd, was never found, although the Viceroy offered a reward of forty pounds of silver. The Catholics gathered up his blood, and contended for his garments, despite the resistance of the soldiery. The priest Patrick followed the same road, singing as he mounted the ladder, the canticle of Simeon, 'Now, O Lord, dismiss Thy servant in peace;' and, after the example of the Bishop, he prayed for the bystanders, blessed them, and forgave all his enemies. The rope being put round his neck, he hung for a short time, was then cut down half alive, mutilated, and cut in pieces. The soldiers, warned by the loss of the Bishop's head, resisted the unarmed crowd, who strove to catch the martyr's

blood and other relics, and wounded many. The day after, the bodies were buried at the gallows foot, but in the stillness of the night were removed by the Catholics to a chapel not defiled by heretical worship."

The reader will excuse these long extracts; many will be thankful. Would to God that every Irish martyr was known, and hence loved. Their heroic love for the old faith is an example to bishops, priests, and laymen. Their blood and sacrifice for the faith obtained fidelity for their children from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. "The blood of the martyrs," in every age, "was the seed of Christianity."

To prevent a holy demonstration, like the above, our glorious saint, Dr. O'Hurley, was martyred secretly and privately; the scene was witnessed by only three Catholics.

We have before quoted Dr. C. O'Mulrain, who writes: "He (Dr. O'Hurley) died fearlessly and gloriously professing his faith; but what afflicts me is, that our martyrs are no longer led publicly to execution, but are put to death in private without the presence of the people. It was thus the Archbishop was executed by only three soldiers, fearing lest he should exhort and inflame the people to constancy in their Christian faith."

Well may we thank God for the courage of our Irish martyrs, who with serene joy met death in its fiercest shape. Fervently may we say, All ye Irish Martyrs, Dr. O'Hurley, pray for us, and the Irish race at home and abroad.

Rothe thus describes his death:—"As Perrot was to receive the sword of office on Sunday, the feast of the Holy Trinity; and his power (Wallop's) would then cease; lest his successor might prove more merciful, on the preceding Friday, at the early dawn as we have mentioned, the Archbishop was drawn on a hurdle, through the garden-gate, to the place where he was hanged, Wallop himself (as it is said) going before with three or four guards; and there he was hanged in a withey, calling on God and forgiving his torturers with all his heart.

"He was taken out of the Castle without any noise, lest there should be a tumult; but the Catholics who were prisoners there, seeing him going, called out that he was innocent; and amongst others, a certain Bishop, then a prisoner there, called out aloud that he rather deserved that fate for the scandal he feared he had formerly given, but that Hurley was an innocent and holy

man. Upon which the gaoler severely flogged him and the others, and so reduced them to silence.

“The holy man was hanged in a wood near the city, and at evening was buried in the half-ruined church of St. Kevin, and it is stated that many miracles have been wrought there; and, in consequence, the old church has been restored, and a road opened to it, which is much frequented by the people, who go to recommend themselves to the prayers of the holy martyr.”

Dr. O’Hurley’s own suffragan Bishop writes: “The Archbishop of Cashel endured martyrdom in Dublin with most glorious firmness and heroism, and although subjected to the most dreadful torture, yet could never be induced to subscribe to the iniquitous innovations of Elizabeth. He died fearlessly and gloriously professing his faith; but what afflicts me is, that our martyrs are no longer led publicly to execution, but are put to death in private, without the presence of the people. It was thus the Archbishop was executed, by only three soldiers, fearing lest he should exhort and inflame the people to constancy in their Christian faith.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Dr. C. Mulrain and Moran.

## THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

In due time the dead body of our martyr was taken from the scaffold, and, like that of any criminal, interred in the prison cemetery. God's martyr had his friends. Mr. William Fitzsimons, a citizen of Dublin (let his name be emblazoned in letters of gold, and held up to the admiration of posterity), a second Joseph of Arimathea, got privately possession of the holy relic of the body of the martyr; lovingly and reverentially encased it in a wooden urn, the best that could be procured under the circumstances, and consigned it to its mother earth in the ruinous church of St. Kevin's.

The biographer writes: "The old churchyard of St. Kevin's still marks the site. A narrow lane leads to it from Kevin's Street, and the adjoining site is known as the Cabbage Gardens, supposed to be a corruption for Chapel Gardens or Capuchin Gardens."

For years some pious people of Dublin used to make private pilgrimages to his grave. The persecutions against the Catholics continued; the old, who knew the secrets, died out, and after the lapse of years the grave and relics of our martyr were forgotten. The same history is told of the

greatest Saints and martyrs of the earliest ages. Their sacred relics are lost; their names alone remain.

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## SECTION XI.

### MIRACLES RECORDED AT THE DEATH OF OUR MARTYR.

THE serene holy joy of our Saint, under the most exquisite tortures, his glorious martyrdom, is itself the greatest miracle. He was offered, not only pardon, but the highest honours and preferments, by accepting the supremacy of the Queen, and denying that of the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ. His choice was the torture of the "Boots" and the scaffold in Stephen's Green.

We have already narrated that, being led forth from the prison to the place of execution, he seized the hand of a faithful friend, and imprinted on it a red sign of the cross, as a mark of his dying gratitude. This sign of the cross remained on the man's hand to the hour of his death.



Tradition also records that a noble lady, who for many years was possessed by a devil, prayed on the spot where the holy martyr suffered, and was immediately cured. This miracle was performed a year after his death.

A nobleman, named Walter Bellings, suffered for years from a disease which the doctors pronounced incurable. The sick man begged his friends to take and place him on the grave of the martyr. The friends did so, and immediately the sick man was restored to health.

A man addicted for years to the base vice of intemperance, a hopeless drunkard, seized with his hand the hand of the holy Archbishop as he was being laid in the coffin, and prayed to the martyr, with all the vehemence of his soul, to be freed from the vice. The prayer was heard, and the man never felt a temptation of intemperance.

The sacred relics of the great Irish Saint Frigidianus were hidden and unknown for more than two hundred years. The corpse of a young girl was accidentally buried in the same grave. The girl, instantly restored to life, cried out,—

“Remove me from this, for you have placed me over the body of St. Frigidianus” (Breviary).

We are not surprised to find a similar miracle wrought over our martyr's grave. The corpse of a criminal was buried over the relics of our Saint. The dead man was instantly restored to life; and lived and was well known in the city of Dublin for many years.<sup>1</sup>

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## SECTION XII.

### THE TESTIMONY OF THE CATHOLIC CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.

IN a preceding section we have already quoted two testimonies, viz. Stanihurst and Rothe.

O'Sullivan Beare, in his work published in Lisbon in 1618, writes: "Notwithstanding the trials which beset him, the holy Prelate, Dr. O'Hurley, administered the sacraments with incredible zeal and labour to the flock entrusted to his care, and continued to preach the Gospel with great success. For two whole years English spies sought every opportunity to seize his person ;

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Irish Bishops*, by Archdeacon Lynch.

but their plans were frustrated by the fidelity of the Irish Catholics. In order to escape notice, he wore generally a secular dress, as indeed all bishops and priests were obliged to do in England, Ireland, and Scotland, ever since this persecution first broke out. . . . Dr. O'Hurley was arrested at Carrick-on-Suir in September 1583. Thomas Butler, surnamed the "Black Earl of Ormonde," protested against this injustice, and used every exertion afterwards to obtain the Archbishop's release; but all to no purpose. . . . The Archbishop was hurried off to Dublin, and kept bound there in chains in a dark and loathsome prison up to Holy Thursday of the following year, when he was brought before the Lords Justices Loftus and Wallop. At first they received him kindly, and promised a free pardon and promotion in the Church if he denied the spiritual power of the Pope, and acknowledged the Queen's supremacy. 'He had resolved,' he replied, 'never to abandon, for any temporal reward, the Catholic Church, the Vicar of Christ, and the true faith.' Loftus and Wallop, seeing that promises would not avail, had recourse to arguments. . . . If arguments failed to convince him, they said, other means must be tried to

change his purpose. The holy Prelate was then bound to the trunk of a large tree, with his hands and feet chained, and his legs forced into long leather boots reaching up to his knees, as they used to be worn then. The boots were filled with salt, butter, oil, hemp, and pitch, and the martyr's body stretched on an iron grate over a fire, and cruelly tortured for more than an hour. The pitch, oil, and other materials boiled over; the skin was torn off the feet, and even large pieces of flesh, so as to leave the bones quite bare. The muscles and veins contracted gradually, and when the boots were pulled off, no one could bear to look at the mangled body. Still, the holy martyr, notwithstanding these tortures, kept his mind fixed on God and holy things, never uttered a word of complaint, but quietly submitted to all these trials with the same serene countenance to the very end.

“The soldiers were instructed to bring him to the place of execution before daylight, and to hang him at an early hour, when the people could have no notice. These orders were carried out strictly; only two of the citizens followed their pastor, and a friend who had watched over him with the greatest anxiety from his first arrest.”

Two priests, Rev. W. Nugent and Rev. B. Geoghegan, on the 4th of June 1584, write from Paris to Cardinal Como in Rome:—

“Yesterday two young Irishmen arrived here, and they can speak of nothing in regard to Ireland but the persecution that rages against the Catholics. In particular, they narrate that the Archbishop of Cashel, who has been seven months in prison, was subjected to torture by the Viceroy to compel him to confess to matters of conspiracy, of which he was presumed to be cognisant, or to renounce the Catholic faith. The torture was as follows:—They put on him a pair of boots, of fresh leather, filled with butter and salt; they then tied him, holding him close to the fire, till, through the leather pressing in upon his feet, and through the boiling liquid, they were wholly flayed. But for all this the tormentors gained but little, for the Archbishop neither gave them any information nor denied the faith.”

The above was written about two months before his martyrdom.

We shall quote only one more. Father Copinger, a contemporary of our martyr, writes: “Darby O’Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel, Doctor of both Laws, and Professor

of that faculty in the University of Rheims in France, under Cardinal Guise, Archbishop of the same, was taken in Ireland, and cast into a dark dungeon in Dublin Castle, and being sore vexed with this ugly prison and pensive restraint, was more vexed by a usual and exquisite torment of 'Boots,' full of boiling oil and tallow, into which he was compelled to put his legs, already wearied with heavy bolts; and to stand by a great fire, with which his flesh was consumed into bare bones, all which he endured with great patience and constancy. And afterwards, when by that torment he could not be won, nor by fear nor alluring promises of uncertain and deceitful promotion, could not be inveigled to relent or faint in the profession of the Catholic religion, or to embrace the Protestant negative religion, was upon Friday morning, with the dawning, strangled with a wyth in May 1584, and so suffered a blessed martyrdom and enjoyeth a blessed crown."

We see that the above narratives differ in minor details; such as the "Boots" of tin or leather. Such discrepancies are to be found in the lives of even modern Saints, and more so in the early martyrs. They only prove the substance and reality of the great facts.

The discrepancy as to the day of his execution is now settled by the State Papers recently published. The warrant was signed by the Lords Justices on the 19th of June (old style), corresponding to the 29th (new style), 1584. Our glorious Saint received the martyr's crown on the following morning at three o'clock, June the 20th (old style); June the 30th (new style). Dr. Rothe assigns the year 1583; but this is clearly a mistake or misprint.

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## SECTION XIII.

### STATE PAPERS ON THE TORTURE OF THE BOOTS.

WHILE Protestant historians agree with Catholics as to the imprisonment and execution of Dr. O'Hurley, they indignantly deny the torture, and characterise it as a tale of pure invention.

Rev. R. King, in his *Primer of the Church History of Ireland*, a text-book in T.C.D., calls the torture "an apocryphal narrative ;"

and again "falsehoods invented to embellish history."

We have given the testimony of contemporary Catholic writers; their statements and facts are confirmed by the State Papers recently published.

These State Papers contain the original letters written by the Lords Justices, relative to the torture and death of Dr. O'Hurley. Not to swell our little volume beyond its intended bulk, we shall content ourselves with a few extracts.

In a letter dated December 10, 1583, we read: "Among other letters directed to us and brought by the last passage, we have received one from your Honour, declaring Her Majesty's pleasure for proceeding with Dr. O'Hurley by *torture*, or any other severe manner . . . for this we want here either rack or other engine of *torture* to terrify him."

In another letter of the same date we read: "Why they have not proceeded further as yet against Hurley, they want the *instruments of torture*."

The Lords Justices on the 7th of March 1584 write to Sir Francis Walsingham regarding the torture called the "Boots:" "May it please your Honour, since the last term



we have several times examined Dr. O'Hurley . . . So as not finding that easy manner of examination to do any good, we made commission to Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Secretary Fenton to put him to the *torture* such as your Honour advised us, which was to *toast his feet against the fire with hot boots,*" etc.

In another letter, dated March 8, 1584, from the same authorities, we read: "It may please your Honour, as in our letter to your Honour of the 7th of this present we have declared our proceedings by *torture* with Dr. O'Hurley," etc.

We shall insert only one more extract.

In a letter dated April 28, 1584: . . . "it is thought meet to have no more *torture* used against him, but that you proceed forthwith to *his execution.*"

From the above it is clear that the torture of the "Boots" was not "a most apocryphal narrative," "a falsehood intended to embellish history," but a most cruel, barbarous fact, now proved and attested from the mouth of our enemies—the State Papers.

It is only one of the countless examples where the heroic deeds of our confessors and martyrs are denied or blackened by the lying testimonies of Protestant historians.

Modern research is daily bringing to light "the hidden things of darkness;" and in the light of true history is vindicating the lives and deeds of our illustrious patriots, confessors, and martyrs.

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#### SECTION XIV.

DR. O'HURLEY WAS PUT TO DEATH FOR THE FAITH, AND NOT FOR HIGH TREASON AGAINST THE CROWN.

PROTESTANT historians denied the torture of our martyr. They styled it a "pure invention." Their own testimony, the State Papers, recently published, have put the fact beyond the reach of doubt. As we have seen, in no fewer than four letters the *torture* and "Boots" are distinctly stated.

The Protestants state that he was hanged for high treason, and not for religion. We have seen from the testimonies of Catholic historians that our Saint was tortured and martyred for professing the Catholic faith; for upholding the supremacy of the Pope,

the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and denying that of the Queen.

We shall insert a few passages already quoted. Dr. Rothe writes: "He determined first to subject him to torture . . . that he might be induced by the intensity of his sufferings to *abjure the Catholic faith*. But the cruel tyrant was disappointed in Dermod; his flames could not overcome the flames of the love of Christ; the fire that burned without was less powerful than that which burned within his breast."

In another place he writes: "No torture could wring from him aught but a profession of the orthodox faith; he was stronger than his tortures; for neither boiling oil, nor piercing salt, nor blazing fire, could shake his faith, or extinguish his love for God; . . . when his enemies sought to make him waver in the faith, offering him dignity and office, if he would resign his position as Bishop, and acknowledge the Queen to have a double sovereignty, ecclesiastical as well as secular. There was sent to him for that purpose, Thomas Johns, who is now Chancellor of this kingdom. But he remained unshaken as the Marpesian Rock. His only sister, too, Honora Hurley, was induced to go and tempt him to apostatise, and she

urgently besought him to yield, but he, frowning, ordered her to fall at his knees, and beg pardon of God and absolution for so grave a crime against God, so hurtful to her own soul, and so abhorred by her brother."

O'Sullivan Beare writes: "At first they received him kindly, and promised a free pardon and promotion in the Church, if he denied the spiritual power of the Pope, and acknowledged the Queen's supremacy. He replied, 'He had resolved never to abandon, for any temporal reward, the Catholic Church, the Vicar of Christ, and the true faith.'" What a glorious, splendid profession of holy faith!

One testimony more. Father Copinger, a contemporary, writes: . . . "he was vexed by a usual and exquisite torment of the 'Boots,' full of boiling oil and tallow, into which he was compelled to put his legs, already wearied with heavy bolts, and to stand by a great fire, with which his flesh was consumed into bare bones, all which he endured with great patience and constancy. And afterwards, when by that torment he could not be won, nor by fear nor alluring promises could not be inveigled to relent or faint in the profession of the Catholic religion,

or to embrace the Protestant negative religion, was on Friday morning, with dawning, strangled with a wyth; and so suffered a blessed martyrdom, and enjoyeth a blessed crown."

All Catholic historians attest, as we have quoted, that Dr. O'Hurley was executed for the faith, and the faith alone. That is quite enough to prove our statement at the head of this section. The researches of modern historians at home and abroad have proved to demonstration that the lives and heroic deeds of Catholics at the time of the Reformation were blackened and distorted by Protestant writers. The torture of the "Boots" was styled, as we have seen, a "pure invention." The State Papers have now put it beyond the shadow of doubt.

We now come to closer quarters with our adversaries, who would deprive our Saint of the martyr's crown. The same false statements were made against Cardinal Fisher, Sir Thomas More, several hundred English martyrs, and our own Dr. Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh. The enemies of the faith failed, and those glorious servants of God have received, with due solemnity, the honours of the altar. We pray to live to

witness like honours conferred by the Holy See on our Irish martyrs.

The Protestant historian, Rev. R. King, in his book, *Primers of Church History in Ireland*, a text-book in Trinity College, already quoted, for stating that the torture was "apocryphal," and a "pure invention, a falsehood to embellish history," admits our statement. He writes: "Dermond O'Hurley was taken prisoner at Carrick-on-Suir, and brought up to Dublin, where he was examined for maintaining the Pope's power in this realm."

It is true that the State Papers speak only of conspiracy and treason against the Queen. But let it be remembered that hypocrisy and perfidy was the order of the day. In the face of great Catholic nations, as Spain and France, it would not sound well to hang an Archbishop purely for the faith, hence the cry of conspiracy and treason. Fidelity to the old faith, to the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, was the treason, the real crime.

As a test, when a prelate, priest, or layman, imprisoned under these charges, denied his faith, renounced his allegiance to the Pope, and accepted the Queen's supremacy, not only was he pardoned, but honoured and rewarded.

We have seen how Dr. Power, Bishop of Ferns, through fear of torture, though for a long time he bravely endured for the faith awful suffering, denied his God, denied his Church, and thence was not only liberated, but loaded with honours and favours. Witnessing the heroism of our Archbishop, he was struck with remorse, shame, and sorrow for his weakness and criminal denial of the faith. With fortitude inspired by this example, he voluntarily appeared before the Justices, expressed sorrow for his cowardice and perfidy in renouncing his allegiance to the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and accepting that of the Queen. What was the result? He was again thrown into prison. The historian adds, "He is now confined in a loathsome dungeon, from which every ray of light is excluded."

Loftus was an English priest. He renounced his faith, and to reward him, and as an example to others, was made Archbishop of Dublin. Brown, an Augustinian friar, apostatised, and the reward of his perfidy to the old faith was the Archbishopric of Dublin by Henry the Eighth. His first service to his master was to propose to the Irish Parliament (May 1536) that the "King was supreme over ecclesiastical matters, as

well spiritual as temporal, and Head of the Church in England and Ireland."

Only one Irish bishop apostatised: that was Miler Magrath, Bishop of Down and Connor. The reward of his apostasy was the Archbishopric of Cashel. He lived a hypocrite; it is now absolutely certain that he died in the true faith.

In like manner, if our holy Archbishop renounced the faith, and acknowledged the supremacy of the Queen, we would hear nothing of conspiracy or treason, but he would have received the highest honours so often offered to him.

We have a parting word to say on the State Papers so often referred to.

From the correspondence in the State Papers, it is clear the authorities in Dublin and London were determined on the death of the Archbishop, but were puzzled as to the mode of procedure. It was not yet high treason, according to the letter of the law, to profess the Catholic faith in Ireland, and they were afraid to bring before a jury, and hence before the public, the proofs of the pretended conspiracy against the Crown. It was suggested to have him sent to London; and, like Bishop Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and the other English Catholics, tried by



common law and executed. For this mode of proceeding, before a jury, proofs of guilt and legal difficulties barred the way; and finally it was resolved to try the Archbishop in Dublin by martial law.

In a letter from the Lords Justices of Ireland, dated December 10, 1583, we read:—"Why they have not proceeded further as yet against Hurley, they want the instruments of torture.

"They desire the said Hurley may be sent over to the Tower, and crave answer with speed."

In a letter, March 7, 1584:—"The best lawyers doubt whether he can be found guilty. . . . They think it better that Hurley, having neither lands nor goods, that he be executed by martial law, rather than by any ordinary trial."

We shall give only one more extract.

In a letter, April 28, 1584, to the Lords Justices:—"I have, according to her commandment, to signify Her Majesty's pleasure touching Hurley. Do proceed to his execution by ordinary trial; howbeit, in case you shall find the effect of his causes doubtful . . . by reason of the affections of such as shall be his jury, and for the supposal conceived by the lawyers of that country,

that he can hardly be found guilty for his treason committed in foreign parts against Her Majesty, then her pleasure is that you take the shorter way with him by martial law . . . it is thought meet to have no more torture used against him, but that you proceed forthwith to his execution in the manner aforesaid."

Let it be borne in mind that all Dr. O'Hurley's papers, official and private, were seized and examined by the Government; and although there are thrown out dark insinuations about conspiracy and treason, yet not one letter or document is produced in proof of these false, hypocritical charges.

It is reasonable, therefore, to conclude that no such document existed, and our holy Prelate was tried and condemned, not by common jury, but by martial law.

Thus, from the State Papers alone, it is proved that no proof of the charge of conspiracy existed, that the charge could not stand the light of day; and it follows that the real and true cause was, as in the case of the English martyrs and Dr. Plunket, fidelity to the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

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## SECTION XV.

## PARALLEL CASES OF MARTYRDOM.

To make our case clearer if possible, and to prove to demonstration that our holy Prelate Dr. O'Hurley was put to death for the faith, and not for high treason against the Crown, we shall describe and contrast the glorious martyrdoms of some English and Irish servants of God. We believe we need to apologise to our pious readers for long quotations. The heroic sufferings of these martyrs are found only in bulky volumes, inaccessible to the public. Hence we deem it a privilege and a blessing to have an opportunity of making their names and deeds known to the humbler world.

Of the 316 English martyrs who shed their blood for the faith, and are now "BEATIFIED" by the Holy See, we shall mention the names of only two; viz. Bishop Fisher of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England. No two more noble figures of holy faith and purity of life are to be found in the history of England, or indeed any other country.

Their heroic fortitude and sanctity of life have shed a lustre on their country.

The two martyrs were tried, found guilty, and executed for high treason.

Of their treatment in prison the historian writes: "More was supported in prison by the charity of his friends, conveyed to him by the hands of his favourite daughter, Margaret Roper; but Fisher, in his seventy-seventh year, and subject to all the infirmities of old age, was reduced to such a state of destitution, that he was compelled to solicit, from the pity of his persecutors, clothes to cover his nakedness" (Lingard). The holy Bishop was accused and found guilty "of having maliciously and traitorously said that the King was not head of the Church." The historian adds: "Not content with the execution of Fisher, he (Henry VIII.) ordered the dead body to be stripped and exposed for some hours to the gaze of the populace, and then thrown into the grave without coffin or shroud" (Lingard).

In two short weeks, Sir Thomas More followed his friend, Bishop Fisher, to the scaffold. He was indicted for having said "in a private conversation that Parliament cannot make the King head of the Church; because it is a civil tribunal, without spiritual

authority." Neither eloquence nor innocence could avert his fate. The packed jury, without reading the copy of the indictment which had been given to them, returned a verdict of GUILTY. At the bar his son threw himself on his knees, and begged his father's blessing. On his way back to the Tower, his favourite daughter Margaret twice rushed through the guards, folded her beloved father in her arms, and, speechless through emotion, bathed him with her tears.

The holy man met death with the joyous courage of the martyr. His playful innocence followed him to the last. When told that the King, as a special favour, commuted his punishment to decapitation, he replied, "God preserve all my friends from such favours." On the scaffold he kissed the executioner, who asked his forgiveness; and said to him, "Thou wilt render to me to-day the greatest service in the power of any mortal." His last words were that he died "*a faithful subject to the King, and a true Catholic before God.*" The head of the martyr was fixed on London Bridge. Here we find the martyr in his dying breath, facing his God, declaring that his high treason was fidelity to the faith. The two heroes of faith are now, thanks be to God, beatified martyrs.

We shall here insert the dying testimonies of two glorious martyrs of our own dear Church of Erin; Dr. O'Dovany, Bishop of Down and Connor, and Dr. Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh.

In a preceding section, we described at considerable length the sufferings and glorious martyrdom of Bishop O'Dovany. Here we shall give his dying statement on the scaffold, declaring that he died for the faith, and not for conspiracy or treason. We shall give the words of Rothe:

"The field to the north of the city, which could easily hold 3000, was crowded.

"The executioner was an Englishman and a Protestant (for no Irishman could be found who would stain himself with the blood of the Bishop), who was condemned to death for robbery, and was promised his life for acting as executioner on this occasion. Yet though he had thus purchased his life, he was touched with reverence and compassion for the grey hairs of the Bishop, and prayed his pardon, and with trembling hands adjusted the noose. The moment the Bishop mounted the first step of the ladder, and his head was seen above the crowd, great cries and groans burst from all the spectators.

"Then the minister Challoner, furious at

the cries of pity raised by the people, said to the Bishop, 'Why delude ye the ignorant people? Why end ye your life with a lie, and a vain boast of martyrdom? Tell the multitude that ye are traitors, and that it is for treason and not for religion ye suffer.' To these unjust words the Bishop answered, 'Far be it from us, who are about to appear before the tribunal of Christ, to impose upon the people. But also far be it from us to confess ourselves guilty of crimes of which our conscience tells us we are innocent. Nor yet do we vainly ambition the title of martyrs, though for us to die for Christ is gain. You know that you are yourself guilty of that prevarication of which you accuse us, for but a few hours ago, sent, as you said, by the Viceroy, you offered us life and freedom if we would subscribe to your heresy. Leave us, then, son of darkness, and calumniate not our innocence.'

"Then the minister departed and left the martyrs in peace. As they mounted the middle of the ladder, again there rose the cry of the people; and a third time, when he was about to be thrown off, the groans of those who beat their breasts rose louder than before. Thrice he prayed as he stood there: once for all the bystanders; secondly, for

the city of Dublin, and all the Catholics of this kingdom, that they may serve God piously, faithfully, and perseveringly; a third time, he prayed for all heretics, and for his persecutors, that they might be converted from the evil of their ways."

How like the death of St. Stephen the first martyr, praying for his enemies!

This holy martyr was put to death in the eyes of the law for treason against the Crown. The Bishop on the scaffold, with the rope actually round his neck, declared that he died for the faith alone; and that, a few hours previously, he was offered a full pardon by the Viceroy if he subscribed to the new heresy. In like manner, the conspiracy and treason of Dr. O'Hurley was a pretence. He too died for the faith. If Dr. O'Hurley, like Dr. O'Dovany, was allowed to speak with halter round his neck on the scaffold, he would have declared that he shed his blood for the pure faith of Jesus Christ.

On the 3rd of May 1681, Dr. Oliver Plunket, the Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, was arraigned at King's Bench bar, "for high treason; for endeavouring and compassing the King's death, to levy war in Ireland, and to alter



the religion there, and to introduce a foreign power. . . . that he promised to raise an army of 70,000 men to support the French invasion, and kept in house 100 priests to take charge of the French landing." His reply was that his house was a thatched cabin of two rooms; the total number of priests in his whole diocese was only sixty-two, and his own annual income was from £25 to £40. "It is well known," said the Archbishop, "that in all the province of Ulster, take men, women, and children of the Roman Catholics, they could not make up 70,000. . . . As I am a dying man, and hope for salvation by my Lord and Saviour, I am not guilty of one point of treason they have sworn against me, no more than the child that was born yesterday."

The Lord Chief Justice in passing sentence revealed the secret and truth. . . . "You have done as much as you could to dishonour God in this case; *for the bottom of your treason was your setting up your false religion*, than which nothing is more displeasing to God, or more pernicious to mankind in this world—a religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions, the most dishonourable and derogatory to God and His glory of all religions or pretended

religions whatsoever; for it undertakes to dispense with God's laws, and to pardon the breach of them. So that a greater crime there cannot be committed against God than for a man to endeavour the propagation of that religion."

The jury, after a quarter of an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of GUILTY.

The holy martyr in the dock exclaimed, "*Deo Gratias*," thanks be to God.

The Lord Chief Justice pronounced the following sentence: . . . "Therefore you must go from hence to the place from whence you came, that is, to Newgate; and from thence you shall be drawn through the city of London to Tyburn, there you shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead, your bowels shall be taken out, and burnt before your face, your body be divided into four quarters, and be disposed of as His Majesty pleases." After hearing this fearful sentence, our holy martyr cried out, "God Almighty bless your lordship. And now, my lord, as I am a dead man to this world, and as I hope for mercy in the other world, I was never guilty of any of the treasons laid to my charge, as you will hear in time." Needless to say, the sentence was carried out to the letter; the serene joy of the holy

Prelate facing his crown won the admiration of his executioners. Upon the scaffold, with the fatal rope round his neck, he declared his innocence of treason and conspiracy; prayed for the King, forgave his enemies, supplicated the Divine Majesty to be propitious to him through the merits of Christ, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and of all the holy Angels and Saints in Paradise. "Having concluded his discourse," continues his biographer, "the sentence was carried into execution, and his happy soul sped its flight to enjoy eternal repose."

An eye-witness of his death writes: "On the scaffold, by a singular composure of soul and body, he seemed like an angel descended from heaven, who was joyous that the moment arrived of once more returning thither."

Oh, who would not love to linger and meditate on the heroic virtues of our great Saints; and to make known to the world our glorious martyrs so little known, and hence so little honoured and invoked!

Let us now make the final contrast and parallel. The biographer writes: "After a few days, Dr. O'Hurley was brought before the Lords Justices, and with threats of torture and death was questioned as to his condition, and other treasonable designs against the

Crown ; for to be a Catholic Bishop, receiving jurisdiction from the Holy See, was in those days construed into an act of treason and conspiracy against Her Majesty. He acknowledged himself to be a priest and Archbishop ; but repudiated all treasonable acts and designs, and declared that his only object in returning to Ireland, and braving the imminent perils which beset his sacred ministry, was that he might be bearer of the consolations of religion to the flock entrusted to his care."

Had he been permitted on the scaffold, with rope round his neck, and facing his God, he would have declared, like Dr. Plunket, that he was innocent of treason or conspiracy, and that he died for the true faith of the Catholic Church.

To sum up. All Catholic writers, at home and abroad, are unanimous in asserting that Dr. O'Hurley was put to death, not for treason against the Crown, but for the Catholic faith ; the State Papers indirectly attest the same fact ; the parallel cases of the English martyrs, but more especially of Dr. Plunket, recently beatified, are conclusive argument ; his own dying declaration to the same effect,—all prove to demonstration that our glorious Saint, Dr. O'Hurley, shed his

blood a martyr for the true faith of Jesus Christ. Dr. O'Hurley, pray for your poor country, pray for the Irish race at home and abroad !

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## SECTION XVI.

### GRAVE REFLECTIONS.

WHEN the thoughtful soul meditates on the history of our dear Irish Church, her "GOLDEN AGE" of Saints and scholars, and far more glorious age of fidelity, perseverance, heroic fortitude ; her contempt for property and life in the cause of faith ; her children of every age, sex, and state of life ; the young and the old, the lay man and woman, the priest and prelate, pouring forth their heart's blood for the love of Jesus Christ ; and that not for one age, but for centuries of unparalleled persecutions ; and, best and last of all, transmitting to us, their posterity, the faith as pure as was preached by St. Patrick fifteen hundred years ago ; as pure as it fell from the Divine lips of Jesus Christ Himself, the Founder of our faith. For this

priceless gift of faith, dearer a thousand times than life, we thank God Himself ; we thank the prayers of our Blessed Lady ; of St. Patrick, St. Brigid, the "Mary of Erin," and the hosts of Irish Saints before the throne of God. Let us not forget to thank our glorious martyr Dr. O'Hurley, and the thousands of unknown martyrs and Saints, who by their blood, sacrifice, and prayers, obtained from God for our forefathers perseverance in the faith.

The soil of Rome is steeped in the blood of the first martyrs. Their memory is in benediction. Through the Liturgy of the Church their intercession is invoked in every age and every land and every clime ; and Basilicas and Churches, on which are lavished all that genius and wealth could devise, are erected to their memories. Some few years ago the Japanese martyrs were canonised, with all the gorgeous pomp and splendour of the ceremonies of the Church. Some hundreds of the English martyrs, who at the time of the Reformation gloriously shed their blood for the faith of Jesus Christ, are beatified.

Throughout England the solemn sacred event was celebrated by novenas, tridiums, benedictions, and acts of thanksgiving.

A few short years ago, 1889, Beatification of John Gabriel Perboyre, born in the diocese of Cahors, France, in the year 1802, and martyred for the faith in China in the year 1840, was celebrated with sweet love, devotion, and splendour, on the banks of the Lee, Liffey, Thames, and Seine, and in every country in Christendom where is a son or daughter of St. Vincent de Paul; and where are they not found? The ceremonies were as brilliant in Pekin as in Paris. The Marist Fathers paid loving and due honours to their new Saint, Blessed Peter Chanel, who was born in the diocese of Lyons, 12th July 1803, evangelised Oceania by his glorious martyrdom, 28th April 1841; and was beatified by the Holy Father in Rome, 30th May 1889.

On Dr. O'Hurley's brow in Paradise are the two crowns of martyrdom, the two palm branches in his hands, one the gridiron of St. Lawrence, and the other the halter on the scaffold. Martyrs and Saints of all nations are honoured and invoked in Ireland, as they ought to be, for the Catholic Church is universal; yet, strange to say, the name of our own great martyr is on no roll of fame. Abroad, the learned few knew something of him; at home, on the banks of the Shannon,

where he was born, on the Suir, where he was arrested for the faith, and on the Liffey, where he shed his blood for Jesus Christ, he is unknown, and hence forgotten. God knows "the times and the seasons;" and we pray and hope that our glorious martyr will soon receive the honours of the altar.

We would love to linger over the glorious death of our great Archbishop. Oh, how we would love to imprint, and burn, and seal on every Irish heart the noble example he has left us. All the honours, dignities, and wealth at the disposal of the mighty Queen Elizabeth were put before his eyes to tempt his faith. With courage and fortitude equal to the occasion, he spurned the gifts of the tempter. He kissed and embraced the grid-iron on which he was being roasted and broiled alive; and then with an unfaltering step, and a heart big and beaming with the love of God, mounted the scaffold; and from a rope of twigs dangled in mid-air, till his pure, noble soul was loosed from the tenement of his body, and winged her flight straight to the embrace of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Paradise.

What deep and holy reflections the sufferings and death of our holy martyrs bring to our minds. To-day we bask in the sunlight of



toleration, nay, freedom. We have our holy prelates and priests. We have cathedrals, churches, colleges, monasteries, convents, confraternities, missions, and holy devotions. In fact, we enjoy not only the substance, but the luxury of all the graces of the Church of God, and spiritual life.

Are we worthy of this inheritance? Are we worthy, faithful sons of martyred fathers? Our fathers fought the battle and won the victory. We inherit the fruits of their heroic sacrifices. Are we worthy of them? Do we love our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ as they did? Would we make the same sacrifice for Jesus, our Blessed Lord, as they did? Do we love our holy faith, dearer a thousand times than the apple of our eye or life itself, and, by God's grace, willing to shed for it our hearts' blood? Do we love, venerate the Pope of Rome, the Vicar of Jesus Christ? Undying filial obedience, loyalty to the See of Rome, to the Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, is not a matter of counsel, nor the precept of man. It is the command of Jesus Christ Himself. Let us give a few texts from the inspired Gospel. The Gospel of St. Matthew says: "And Jesus came into the quarters of Cesarea Philippi. And He asked His disciples,

saying, Who do men say that I am? But they said, Some John the Baptist, and some Elias, others Jeremias, or one of the prophets. Jesus saith to them, But who do you say that I am? Simon Peter answered, Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answering said to him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jona; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee; but my Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven" (xvi. 13-19).

After His Resurrection our Blessed Lord committed to the care and charge of St. Peter His whole Church, both pastors and people, when He said to him, "Feed my lambs . . . Feed my sheep" (John xxi. 15).

One text more. "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he might sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for *thee*, that *thy* faith may not fail, and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 31, 32).

In the above texts, Supremacy in the Church, Infallibility in teaching faith and morals, are conferred by Jesus Christ Himself on St. Peter, and on his lawful successors, the Popes of Rome. Obedience, therefore, to our Holy Father the Pope, and to his teaching, is obedience to the voice and command of Jesus Christ Himself. Love for the Holy See, for our Holy Father the Pope, is the test of a sincere good Catholic. The glory of the Church of Erin, for the last fifteen centuries, in weal and woe, was her undying love for the Chair of Peter. At the Reformation, prelates, priests, and laymen shed their blood like rain, vindicating the divine rights of the Holy Father the Pope of Rome. Are we worthy of them? In a word; love, reverence, absolute obedience to the Holy Father the Pope of Rome, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, is the test and essence of a true Catholic.

Our Saint, Dr. O'Hurley, endured the torture of the "Boots," and shed his blood on the scaffold, in defence of the See of Rome. It is the touchstone. There is no true religion, no real devotion, no charity, no Christianity, without love and filial obedience to the Pope of Rome, the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Obedience to our bishops is the command of God. St. Paul puts it clearly. "Obey your prelates, and be subject to them. For they watch as being to render an account of your souls. . . . Remember your prelates, who have spoken the word of God to you ; whose faith follow " (Heb. xiii. 17).

After the Holy Father come his Cardinals, Bishops, priests, and religious. They are the salt of the earth. Their mission is to convert and sanctify the whole human family.

"And Jesus spoke to them, saying, All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you ; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 18-20). Do we obey with docility, follow their teaching, and respect their sacred character ? Do we, in heart and soul, and by every means in our power, help them to fulfil the precepts and counsels of their Divine Master ? Do we speak of, and treat with due respect and reverence, everything in the Catholic religion, not only her sacred ministers, but her churches, her altars, her shrines, her rites, her ceremonies, and all

her approved-of devotions? In a word, if we love our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we will love all the interests of Jesus; we will love everything that concerns and promotes the honour, the glory, and the love of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

After many and long interruptions, we have come at last to the end of our work, a real labour of love. St. Augustine writes: "In a work which we love, we do not feel the labour; or if we do, we love the labour."<sup>1</sup> We have discharged a filial duty of piety—the dream of many years—to make known the glorious martyrdom of a sainted father. We have endeavoured to make the best of the materials within our reach. The instruction and edification of the masses is ever kept in view; hence our style is plain and unadorned.

We thank and bless God for the privilege and blessing of placing, with loving and reverential hands, this first wreath on the grave of our glorious martyr, Archbishop O'Hurley.

<sup>1</sup> "In eo quod amatur, aut non laboratur, aut labor amatur" (*De bono ridutatis*, cxxi.).









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